

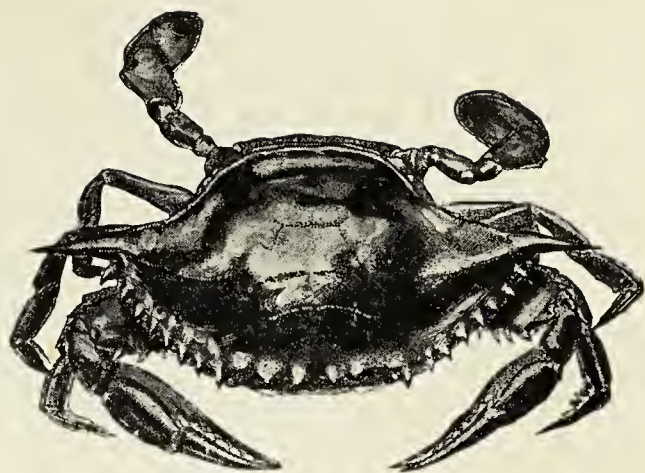
The
KRABBA



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VOLUME SIX
OF THE
KRABBA
1928



THE ANNUAL PUBLICATION
OF THE
HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

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THE KRABBA

FOREWORD

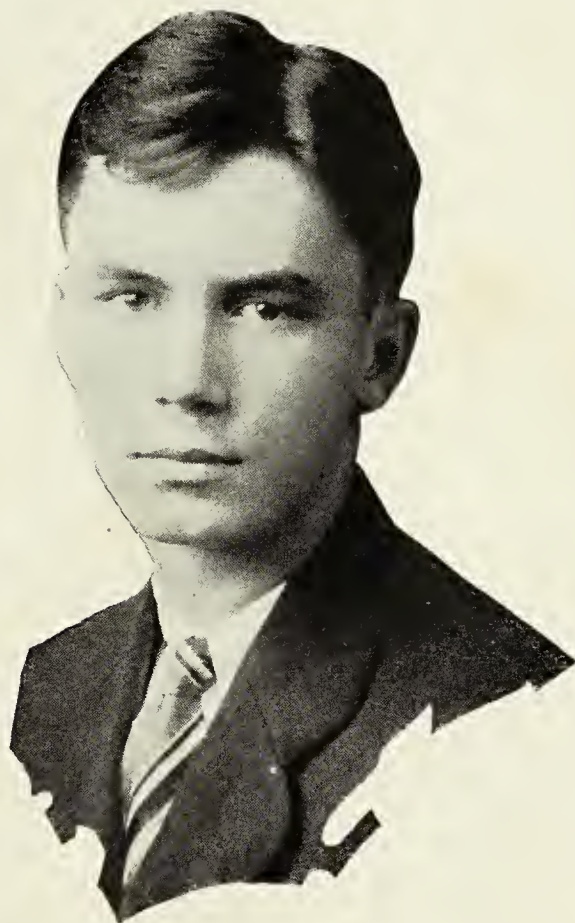


IN presenting this, the sixth issue of the "Krabba" to students of Hampton High School, we have earnestly endeavored to enclose within its covers scenes and memories most cherished by each one.

A new plan of publication has been attempted this year, with success we hope. The "Krabba" has been published in several magazine issues, which were bound at the end of the year. We have done our best to put the plan across and we sincerely appreciate the interest the students have shown.

THE STAFF.





To
HUGH MORELAND

*Whose fine spirit of fair play and cooperation will
make his memory eternal, this annual is
affectionately dedicated by his
companions.*



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Organizations Editor



Doris Bohlken
Art Editor



Edward McAlister
Joke Editor



William Taliaferro
Asst. Business Manager



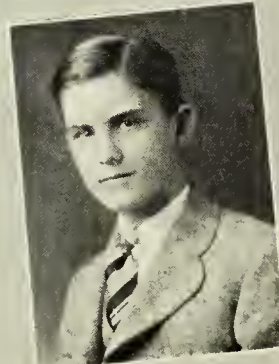
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THE KRABBA

THE KRABBA

The Hampton High School Yearbook



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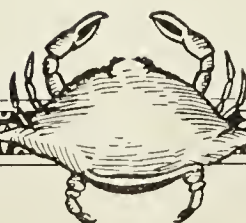
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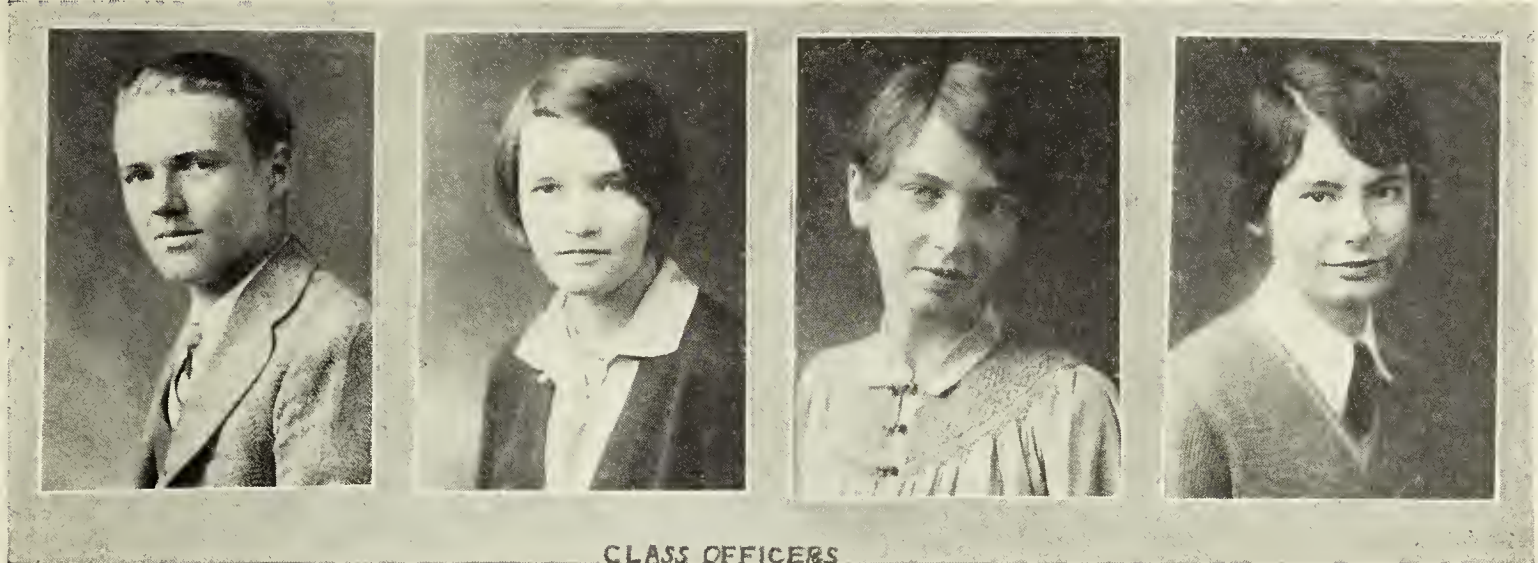




freshman class



THE KRABBA



CLASS OFFICERS

class of 1931

OFFICERS

dick caskey	president
elizabeth winnie	vice-president
ena lee jones	secretary
betty morgan	treasurer

colors: *green and white*

flower: *jack-in-the-pulpit*

motto: *"green but growing."*

freshmen

Rats, all Rats. Yes, we are the Freshmen of H. H. S. It has been nearly a year now since we entered H. H. S. Every day we learned to love it more. But soon we'll be Rats no more. We are steadily climbing to the top, and soon, behold! the Rats will have reached the cherished rank of "Sophs".

At a meeting of the entire Freshman class, we chose our officers to lead us on to the rank of Sophomores. We elected as our President, Dick Caskey; Vice-President, Elizabeth Winne; Secretary, Ena Lee Jones, and Treasurer, Betty Morgan. The Freshmen, as a class, are confident that our most worthy officers will carry us through our term as Rats and to the rank of Sophs with "flying colors".

When the Student Council was organized, we were called on to select a representative. In this we relied on Roxie Moore to keep our colors flying. Together with the class representative, there was one representative from each home room, giving the Freshmen a total of four.

We also wish to give full credit to Rosser Taylor, Henry Wall, Frances Winder, and several others for their fine records in classwork and also for keeping the Freshman class in the "game" when it came to the Honor Roll.

In all school activities where it was possible for us to help, the rats were there with full Krabba spirit. At football and other athletic games the Rats were seen yelling for their team.

Now as the term nears an end, as we look back on the past months, we laugh as we think of our trouble as the "lowly Rats" and we look forward with great pleasure to becoming a "mighty Soph".

—LENA SEAR.



THE KRABBA

class roll

BOYS

marvin bloxom
 robert bloxom
 frank burges
 lynn breon
 john campbell
 arthur cannon
 tilden carpenter
 dickie carroll
 dick caskey
 edwin conkling
 glendaw davis
 royal edmonds
 milton epstein
 john evans
 vincent fertitta
 david fogleman
 gray garrow
 milton houck
 william howard
 james jones
 ballard lottier
 roy lutes
 eugene mann
 georgc may
 eugene mc burney
 willard miller
 ned morgan
 russell pacc
 lee parker
 payne parker
 cary patrick
 ernest proudman
 wilton reed
 sidney rcuell
 vollie richardson
 james richardson
 forrest rollins

roland rollins
 gordon routten
 henning rountree
 emmit rowe
 milton rowe
 frederick schott
 macy sharf
 george taylor, jr.
 rosser taylor
 charles torian
 william h. traynham
 ellis vanderslice
 henry wall
 lloyd wallace
 severn wallace
 william wallace
 charles wood
 stafford wooten

GIRLS

alice armistead
 bernice barbour
 virginia barton
 mary bray
 rosewood brittingham
 irene bryant
 margaret carmines
 elizabeth darden
 cecil drummond
 iris drummond
 frances fertitta
 mary fertitta
 jane fogleman
 margaret graham
 gertrude griffin
 virginia guy
 nellie hunt
 pauline hunt
 pauline garrett

elizabeth jett
 cora jones
 ena lee jones
 lucy page jones
 hazel kelly
 edith krause
 mary lee
 edna lemster
 alice lewis
 margaret mills
 edith moore
 betty morgan
 rosalia quinn
 dorothy ransone
 maude rhodes
 elizabeth rideout
 olivia riggens
 annie rollins
 laura cvelyn rose
 lena saunders
 lena sear
 nancy jane sellers
 elsie sharp
 margaret sharp
 margaret sharman
 ruth shares
 dorothy shaw
 alta shell
 martha sisson
 louise sinclair
 eleanor topping
 marion townsend
 lena taylor
 virginia wallace
 ruth weston
 irene westphall
 frances winder
 elizabeth winnie
 virginia wornam

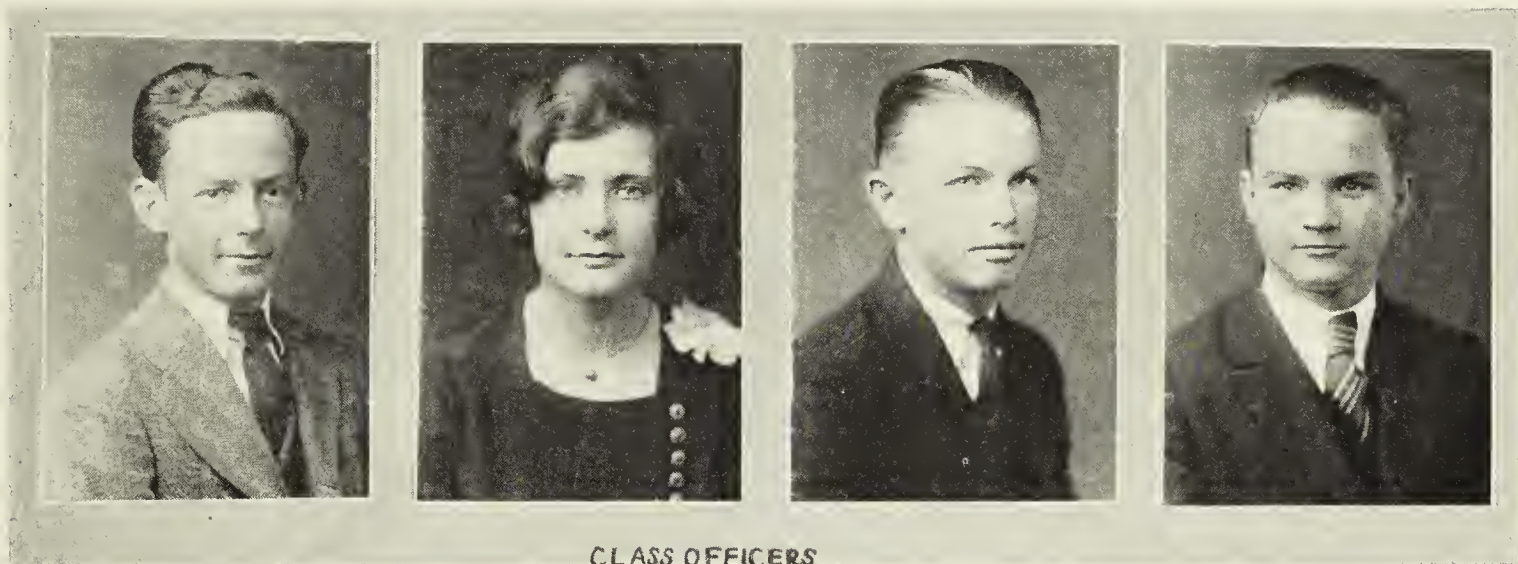




Sophomore Class



THE KRABBA



CLASS OFFICERS

Class of 1930

OFFICERS

WHITING CHISMAN	President
JUANITA WILLIAMS	Vice-President
JEFF HOLLIS	Secretary
ROBERT COLTRANE	Treasurer

COLORS: Green and White

FLOWER: Lily-of-the-Valley

MOTTO: "Not at the top, but climbing."

"Ye Sophomore"

We have been at the grind for nearly two years. We have crowded much work and pleasure into this short period of time. We approach the estate of the high and mighty Juniors with fear and reverence. We look back with sympathy and compassion upon the lowly "Rats", but ah! they too see the gleam of what appears sublime, and how they long to "strut their stuff", and "high hat" the struggling beginners.

At the beginning of our second year, everything looked promising; we soon got into our stride, and were off "like a jug handle". We placed our confidence in Bubber Chisman, President; Jeff Hollis, Secretary, and Bob Coltrane, Treasurer. Through their amiable and kindly efforts, and the cheerful co-operation of fellow Sophs we sailed through the placid waters of class spirit with reasonable credit.

To Ann Spratley, one of our representatives and officer in student council, we tender our felicitations.

Credit is due to Misses Sinclair, Jones, and others, for their good records.

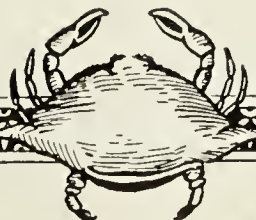
In athletics, we have been heard from. In the girls basketball team, five members: Misses Dressler, Williams, Lee, McWatt, and Forest, are distinguished Krabberetts, with creditable records.

With the moral support of the entire class, our undertakings have been developed and successfully closed. To all appreciation is due.

While the history of the class has not been marked with any remarkable events our record will bear favorable comparison with those who have gone before. On the school grounds and in all activities the deportment and sportsmanship have been up to standard, and with a reasonable amount of credit.

Our first two years have nearly passed. We have helped to add to the general welfare of the community. It is with joy and acclaim we give a round of cheers for good old H. H. S.

—JUANITA WILLIAMS.



THE KRABBA

Class Roll

BOYS

John Blackshear
Coleman Bloxom
Whiting Chisman
Dykes Clark
Thomas Coley
Robert Coltrane ✓
Ruffin Cook
Mac Curtis
Alfred Darden ✓
Norman Davis
Warner Ferguson
Chauncey Franklin
Cecil Frost
Sidney Gage
Douglas Gauley ✓
William Geggie ✓
Hugh Gilliam ✓
Harry Glodney
Stewart Grubb
Jeff Hollis
James Hutten ✓
A. L. Johnson ✓
Walter Johnson ✓
William Knewstep ✓
Harry Lewis ✓
Clark Lindsey ✓
Milburn Linman ✓
George Little ✓
Howard Lordley ✓
William Maloney ✓
Lee Mann ✓
Miller Marple
Jacob Mast
Jack McAllister
Martin Menges
Roxie Moore
Garland Mouring
George Nelson ✓
Paul Nettles ✓
Marshall Peters
William Pleasants ✓
James Richardson ✓
Harry Riley
Austin Robinson
Maxton Scarboro
Jessie Sheetz ✓
Wilson Shephard ✓
Joe Smith ✓
Jack Taylor ✓

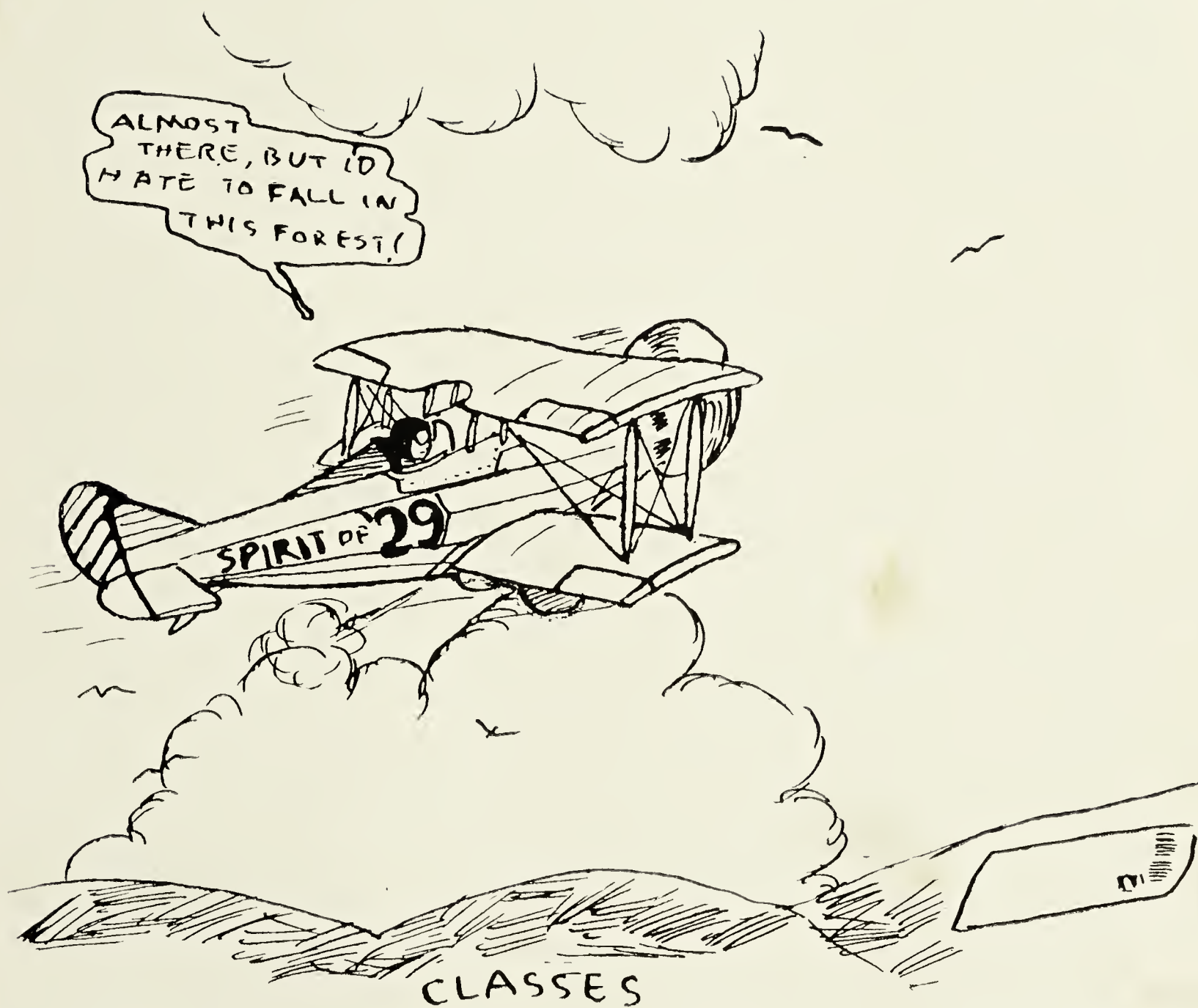
James Taylor ✓
Andrew Tessman
Norwood Topping ✓
James Turner
Robert Walker
Ruben Wallace ✓
William Walton ✓
Jack Willis
Tyler Woodley
Alfred Wray
Jack Wyatt

GIRLS

Frances Anderson
Virginia Anderson
Marian Barnes
Jessie Bounds
Hazel Burcher
Dorothy Bute
Virginia Carmines
Margaret Carmines
Margaret Campbell
Harriet Crawford
Lucille Crews
Mary Cross
Lola Cunningham
Blanche Davis
Nellie Bell Dixon
Mildred Dressler
Hazel Elliott
Doris Forrest
Helen Fromer
Bessie Gerrity
Helen Goldstein
Ruth Gornley
Lou Hamilton ✓
Caryl Heald
Margaret Heald
Frances Hines
Margaret Houston ✓
Margaret Hulcher ✓
Dorothy Hunt
Elizabeth Hunt
Nancy Huntley
Viola Hutten
Lillian Jones
Betty Joyne
Virginia King
Margaret Lane ✓
Katherine Mankey

Molly Masters
Margaret McAllister
Mary McCraig
Frances McDaniel
Betty McWatt
Ann Moore
Helen Mountford
Dorothy Nettles
Marie Perry
Nannie Lee Peake
Ruth Powers ✓
Beulah Quinn
Eva Riggins
Hilda Rollins
Louretta Routten
Margaret Savage
Shirly Schofield
Alice Schofield
Ercel Selby
Annie Shackelford ✓
Emma Sisson
Georgina Sinclair
Clara Smith
Ethel Smith
Ruby Smith
Gladys Smith
Ann Spratley
Lena Rivers Stanton
Ruth Staples
Clyde Stultz
Ivy Stultz
Gertrude Sugden
Grace Taylor
Helen Taylor
Mildred Taylor
Pauline Thomas
Mildred Topping
Elizabeth Walker
Ailene Walton ✓
Ruth West
Bessie Weston
Mary Francis Wiley
Annie Williams
Juanita Williams
Bethany Wilson ✓
Myrtle Wood
Esther Woodcock
Helen Woodcock
Stella Wright
Elizabeth Winne ✓

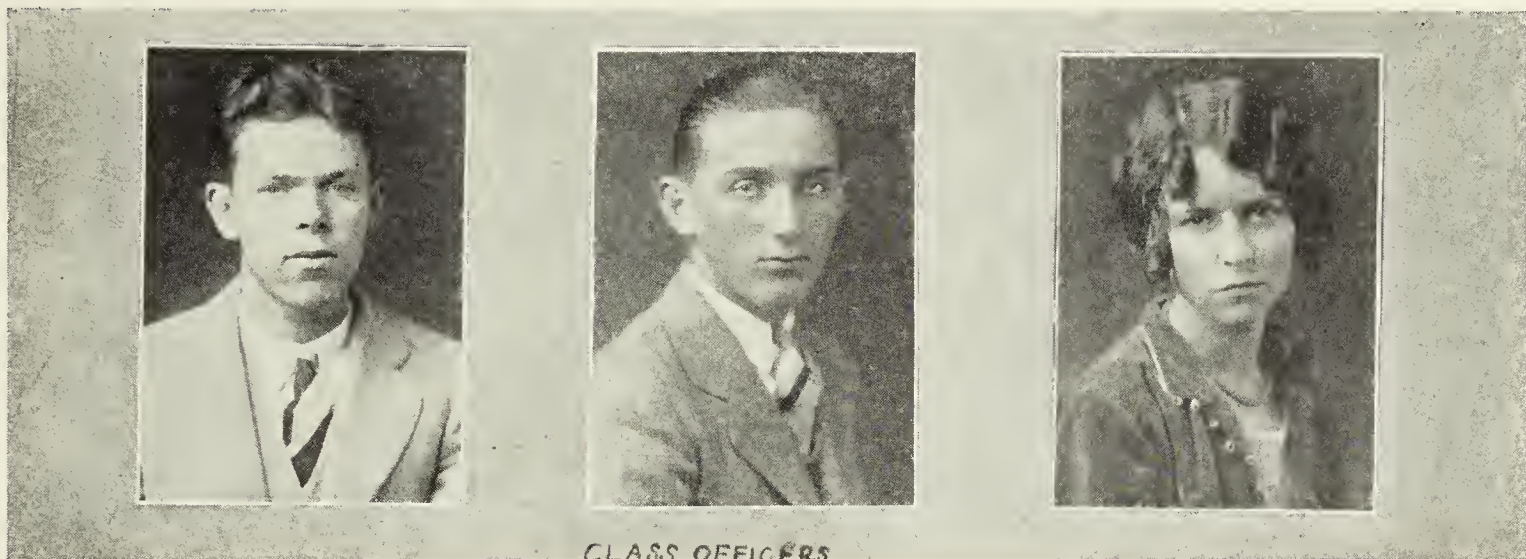




Junior Class



THE KRABBA



CLASS OFFICERS

Class of 1929

OFFICERS

WALLACE HOGGE	President
JACK HORSEMAN	Vice-President
ELSIE EVANS	Secretary

COLORS: Pink and Green.

MOTTO: "Upward Climbing."

FLOWER: Pink Rose Bud.

Juniors

History is inevitable—everything has a history, either good or bad. Every class and organization has a history—but what can be said of this class of Hampton High School.

We aren't Sophs or Freshies and we sure aren't Seniors, but we are Juniors, mighty Juniors at that, with hearts and faces full of happiness and joy. Why shouldn't we be happy? Next year we'll receive those SENIOR PRIVILEGES which Seniors enjoy and Juniors envy.

The members of the Junior class of twenty-eight are regular "live-wires". You bet we have representatives in every form of athletics, football, baseball, basket ball and track. The Junior class also possesses some of the best talent in school.

Well, this is how we happened to be Juniors: On a warm September day just three years ago we gathered in front of "Ole Hampton High School"—were we happy?—well I guess—we were ready to enter high school. We had left our quiet harbor—grammar school—to sail the stormy seas and endure the trials and tribulations of a high school career. As we stood there waiting for the bell to ring we gazed into the sunshine of seniordom. It seemed a long ways off.

From Freshies we passed to Sophomores. How proud we were to be Sophs. As the shades of evening gathered on our Sophomore days we greeted the glorious future and became Juniors and plunged into our work with a renewed interest. Only one more year and our "goal" will be attained!

It is true that we have worked, but we have also had our pleasures, which have been numerous. In later years the memory of the "old days at H. H. S." will ever be sweet to recall. The Junior class of '28 realizes that that which is worth having is worth working for and we are determined to do our best and by so doing receive, the "gift" which is looked forward to by every high school student—that gift of gifts—"the diploma."

As we launch into our Senior year with enthusiasm and confidence, may paths of glory loom before us? For the "raw material" is no more and may the finishing product stand the test of time.

—ELSIE EVANS, '29.



Class Roll

BOYS

John Adams ✓
 Carlyle Andrews
 Charles Baekus ✓
 Eugene Bastian
 W. Ralph Benthall
 Vincent Caldwell ✓
 George Condon ✓
 Raymond Crockett
 Kenneth Cummings
 Jack Davenport
 Robley Evans
 Houston Face ✓
 Paul Gandy ✓
 Elmer Gardner ✓
 Jean Gilman
 Standish Green
 Raymond Haek
 Page Hardaway
 Harry Hess ✓
 Wallace Hogge ✓
 Walter Hoover ✓
 Jack Horseman ✓
 Charles Hulcher
 John Ishon
 Harry Johnston ✓
 Melvin Johnson ✓
 Walter Johnson ✓
 Woodrow Johnson
 Everette Jones
 Thornton Jones
 Stede Keeling
 William Kelly
 Hugh Knerr ✓
 Hamilton Lawson ✓
 Vinton Lee
 Edward McAlister
 Bruce McIntyre
 Elwyn Martin
 Jack Morgan
 Raymond Newman
 Reynolds Owens
 Thomas Rasmussen
 Gerald Schofield

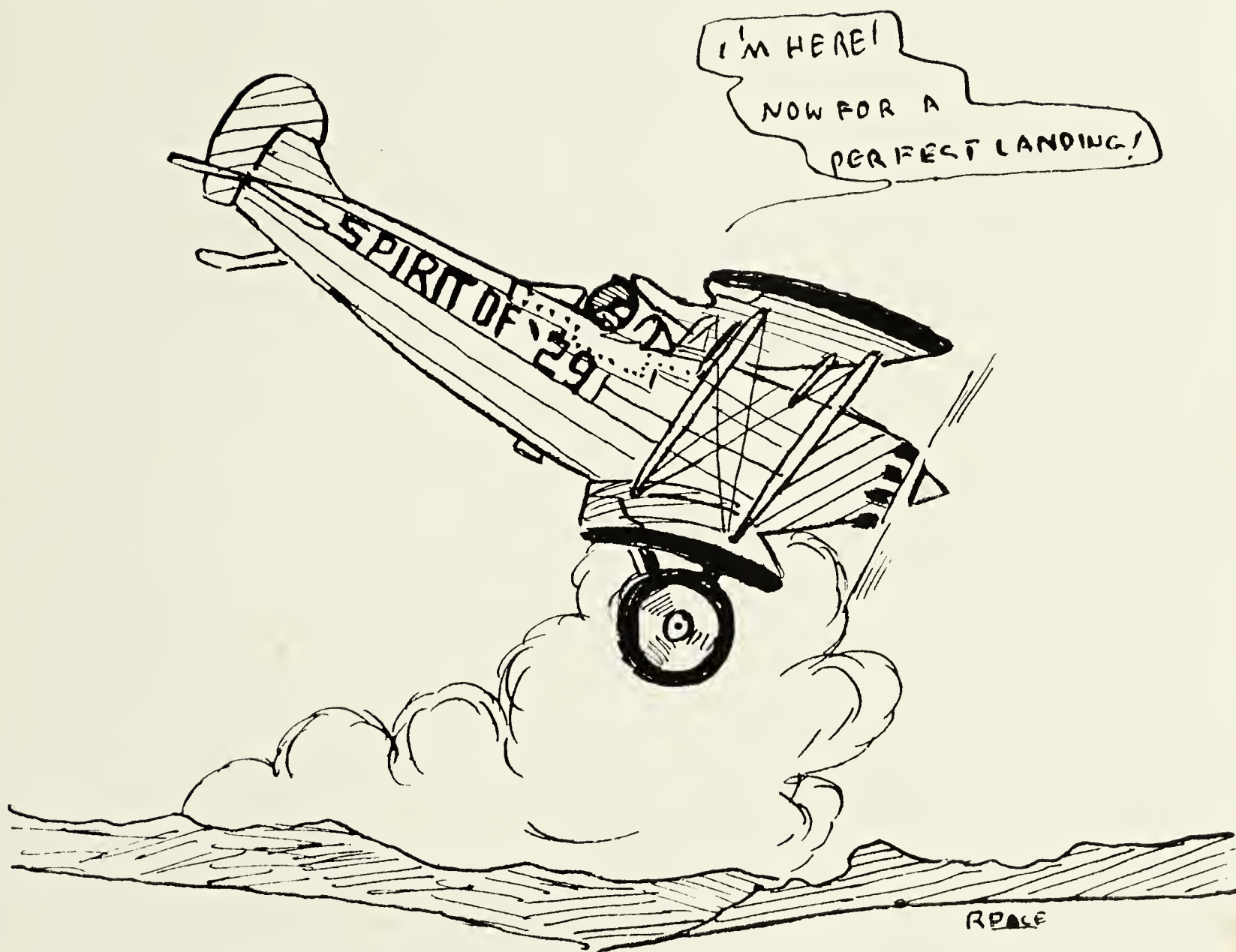
Arthur Segar ✓
 Cornell Steirley ✓
 William Taliaferro
 Charles Thomas
 Clyton Thomas
 Edward Topping ✓
 James Vanderslice ✓
 Davis Waltrip
 Lewis Westphal
 Alfred Wray ✓

GIRLS

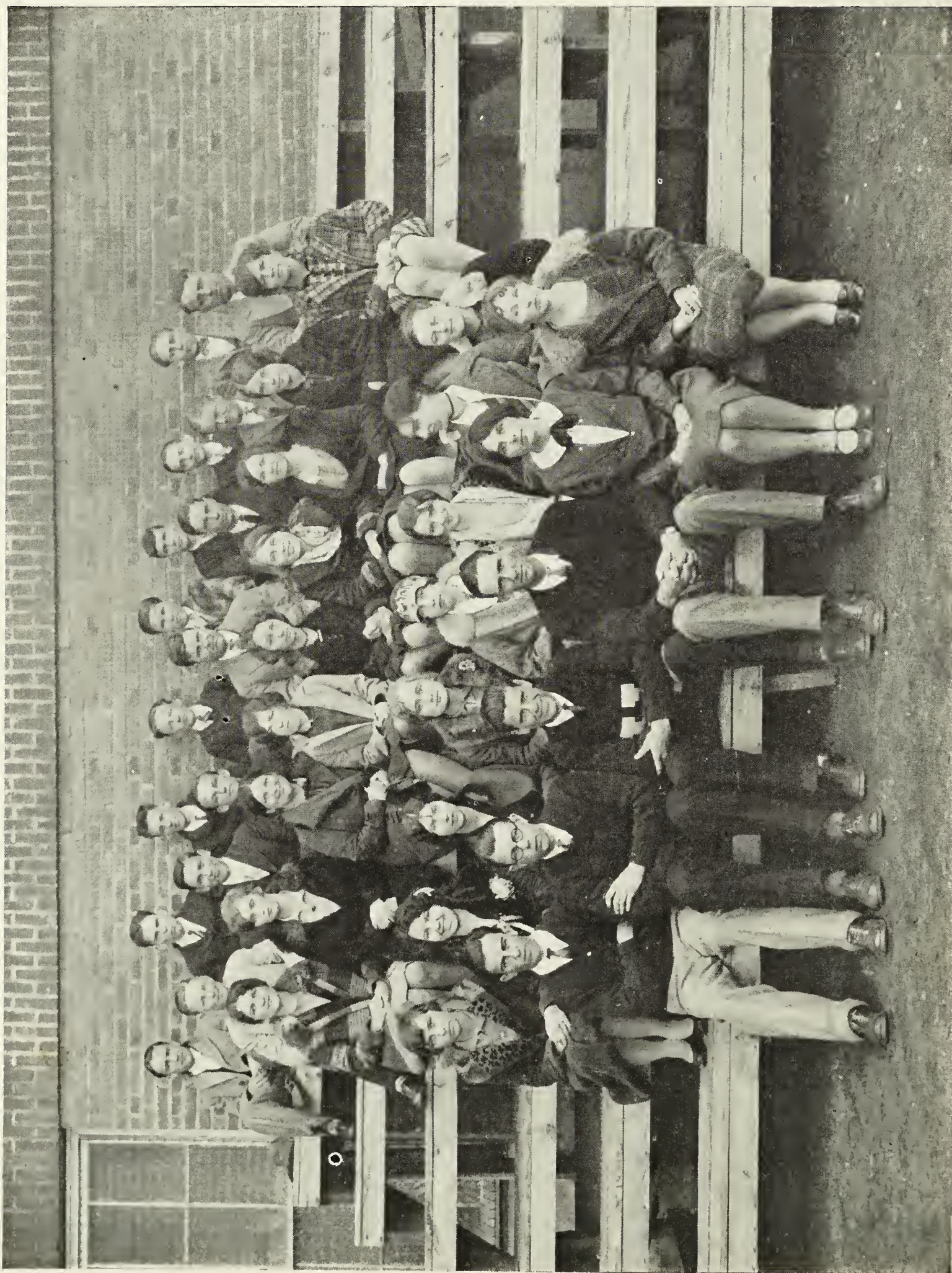
Eleanor Beale
 Doris Bohlken
 Dorothy Brown
 Thelma Coile
 Eloise Craigs ✓
 Margaret Curtis ✓
 Olive Daniel
 Lenore Daugherty
 Doris Desper
 Elsie Drummond
 Johnny Edwards
 Frances Enos
 Elsie Evans
 Sarah Faec ✓
 Evelyn Fraley ✓
 June Gannaway
 Dorothy Green
 Margaret Goldstein
 Polly Mae Guy
 Hazel Hall ✓
 Elsie Hardy
 Frances Hawkins
 Maxine Heineman
 Selma Helman
 Ida Haywood
 Albertine Hicks
 Gretchen Hoffman
 Dorothy Jarvis
 Virginia Johnson ✓
 Ruth Jordan
 Frances Kemp

Alice Kraberg
 Ella Lassiter ✓
 Elizabeth Lee ✓
 Mary Lumpkin ✓
 Elizabeth Marehant
 Ethel May
 Jean McBride
 Agnes Miller
 Mildred Mitchell
 Alvah McClenny ✓
 Lucy Moore
 Anne Page Moreland
 Dorothy Morris
 Margaret Morris
 Mary Nelson
 Amelia Parker ✓
 Margaret Parham
 Marjorie Pifer
 Ruth Proudman
 Audrey Quinn
 Iris Rainey
 Sally Ransome
 Nancy Saunders
 Ellen Slaughter
 Mattie Stillely
 Helen Smith
 Elizabeth Sugden
 Helen Sultzberger
 Helen Taylor
 Margaret Thompson
 Nina Tyler
 May Wainwright ✓
 Lavinia Watkins ✓
 Elizabeth Watson
 Kathleen Watson
 Mary Wescott
 Evelyn Whittaker ✓
 Mary Whiting
 Kathleen Williams
 Grace Willoughby
 Marguerite Wood
 Irene Woodeok
 Virginia Woolridge
 Laura Worrock





Senior-A Class



THE KRABBA



CLASS OFFICERS

Class of 1928¹/₂

OFFICERS

OTIS JOHNSON	President
DOROTHY DRIVER	Vice-President
MARY DANIEL	Secretary
BERNARD JOHNSON	Treasurer

COLORS: Lavender and Yellow

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

MOTTO: "Success Comes in Cans—Failure in Cant's."

Class Roll

BOYS

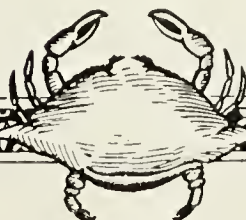
Hugh Adams
Peter Bergbon
Ballard Blanks
Eugene Braig
Rodman Cunningham
Clay Evans
Cecil Fuller
Curtis Fuller
Curtis Hall
John Hardy
Linwood Hughes
William Hunt
Bernard Johnson
Otis Johnson
Robert Lee
Roscoe Luther
Robert Morris

George Pace
Walter Prince
Elliot Schaub
Sheldon Slaughter
Clifford Shaw
Ivan Steffy
Wm. Stone
Marvin Vercell
Paul Wood

GIRLS

Mary Baggett
Evelyn Cockey
Catherine Cooney
Edna Cotton
Kathryn Cunningham
Mary Daniel

Virginia Desper
Dorothy Driver
Alvern Fuller
Enid Cauley
Josephine Hughes
Ethna Lawson
Virginia Lear
Alice Moore
Lora Moore
Rachel McDaniel
Emily Rollins
Reisa Saunders
Ida Sears
Frances Watson
Ethlyn West
Elva Curl Wilson
Myra Wood
Adois Watson



4-A Class History

Students of Hampton High we will soon be leaving you a trust and an inheritance. Wait! Do not be so curious. Can't you guess what the 4A class will be leaving soon? That's right. We will be leaving High School, but in addition we are entrusting something to you all, something big, something fine, the honor of upholding the reputation and name of old Hampton High School. You Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen will all be expected to take the task in hand and we know you can do it.

Not that we are throwing bouquets at ourselves, far from it, but even at that the 4A class feels that it has done its duty well. We are not through yet. All during these three and a half years we have worked and worked hard, sometimes seeing clearly ahead, sometimes groping blindly towards that great achievement called "Graduation" and the small but extremely valuable price of the sheepskin which signifies a good start on the road through life.

Let's see now what individuals stand out in our struggle so nearly finished. First, shall we say Mrs. Stevens? She is the one with which to begin. She helped us steer our course during the Junior year and now we hope she'll be with us to see our ship put into harbor, sails flying, next February.

Here, I think Bernard Johnson deserves a word of well earned praise. Last year he was Treasurer of our Junior Class and managed so well and proved so capable that we eagerly voted that he retain the office during our Senior year.

Lately, as the Student Body knows, we started Student Government here at Hampton High. What do you think of having four representatives from the 4A homeroom? Well that's what happened at the election and maybe we aren't proud to be represented in the four persons of: Otis Johnson, Bill Hunt, Virginia Lear, and Eugene Braig.

I mentioned Otis Johnson first for several reasons. Why? Well, wait and see. Undoubtedly Otis is the outstanding student of our class and perhaps of the whole school. He was captain of the Basketball Team this year, leading a successful five to many victories. He is the President of the Athletic Council and Vice-President of the Student Council. How's that for a record? Also he played a splendid game of football during the season last year and we're proud of him as we have right to be.

Since we are the only class of 4A's in the school we feel that we should not be left off the Honor Roll on any account. Myra Wood and Virginia Lear have upheld our reputation very well with the aid of Peter Bergbom, Ballard Blanks and Rodman Cunningham.

And now I think all our virtues have been listed and we will try to live up to them. Remember we challenge you, the different classes comprising the Student Body, to present a better record when you reach your senior year.

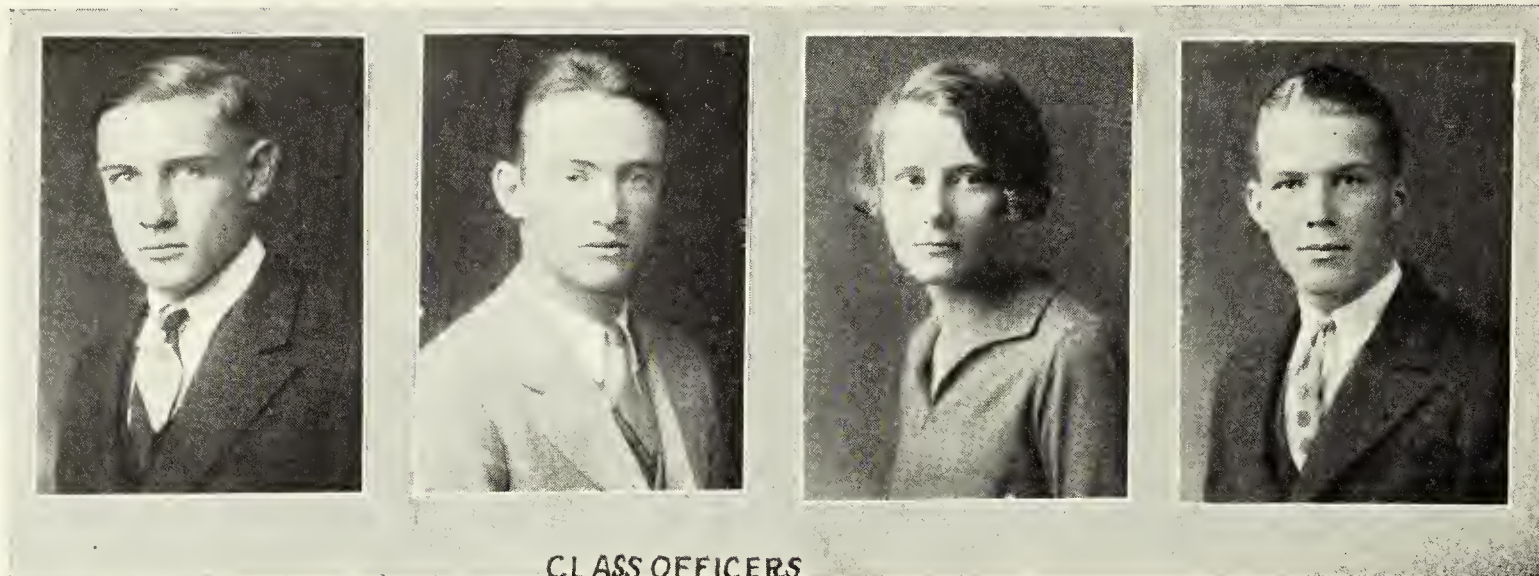
—VIRGINIA LEAR.





Senior Class

THE KRABBA



CLASS OFFICERS

Class of '28

OFFICERS

PAUL GRAHAM	President
FRANK RIGGINS	Vice-President
KATHERINE HATHAWAY	Secretary
JACK FOSQUE	Treasurer

COLORS: Blue and silver

FLOWER: Purple Iris

MOTTO: "Completo tamen incipiens"

MARSHALL WILSON, *Giftorian*

LEWIS KELLY, *Historian*

MADLINE KARSTEN, *Poet*

BOYDIE HOPE, *Prophetess*

EVELYN GARDNER, *Valedictorian*

MARIE DAVIS, *Salutatorian*

CLASS COMMITTEES:

RING:

John Shell, *Chairman*
Victoria Rollins
Eugene Hughes
Pauline Carmines

MOTTO:

Abby Welch, *Chairman*
Edna Buchanan
Lewis Kelly

INVITATION

Wyse Riley, *Chairman*
Katherine Spratley
Louise Gruhn
Doris Harrell
Evelyn Hughes

WAYS AND MEANS:

Bonnie Lee Williams, *Chairman*
Evelyn Gardner
Marie Davis
Elizabeth Bergman



The Vision of the Seer

Father Time leaned on his scythe;
His eyes were closed and he seemed idle,
But through his fertile brain a dream was passing.
He saw a group of youths and maidens,
He dreamed of their great future.
The reward of years of study,
Some would go out to become doctors, lawyers, and great business men;
Others to become expert stenographers, private secretaries and accountants.
Would the vision of this seer develop?
Father Time stirred and swung his scythe through the years of time.
He rested again, leaning on his scythe,
And saw a great world before him.
He discerned, passing to-and-fro in the whirl of life,
The alumni of the Class of Twenty-Eight.
The doctors, rushing through their calls, to and from their offices;
Lawyers, in courts of great cities,
Pleading their cases are smiling at the futile arguments of their opponents;
The great business men, dictating to their stenographers, in their Wall Street offices;
Private secretaries ushering the accountants
Into the large, well furnished offices of their employers.
A satisfied smile crossed the face of the
Dictator of Time—
His dream had come true.

—PAUL GRAHAM.



THE KRABBA



SENIOR CLASS

WILLIAM LEONARD ACKLER

"NICKY"

Born August 5, 1910

Athletic Association, '28; Edison Electrical Society, '26; Treasurer Edison Electrical Society, '27, '28.

"Zealous, yet modest."

MIRIAM BARTON

"MINA"

Born December 3, 1910

Athletic Association, '25, '27; Winifred Fales Club, '25, '26, '27, '28.

*"We grant, although she has much wit,
She's very shy of using it."*

CHARLES BERGBOM

"RED"

Born August 31, 1909

*"A woman hater is Charles with his mop of red hair,
He never will speak to the maidens fair."*

ELIZABETH BERGMAN

"E. B."

Born December 16, 1911

Winifred Fales Club, '25, '26; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '28; French Club, '28.

*"When you argue history she passes out—
But just mention Bridge and she wins the bout."*

ROSWELL JAMES BRAIG

"ROS"

Born November 23, 1909

Baseball Team, '26, '27; Football Squad, '26, '27; Journalism Club, '26, '27; Athletic Association, '24, '25, '27, '28; Track, '26.

*"The fickleness of the woman I love
Is only equalled by the infernal constancy
Of the women who love me."*

SARAH VIRGINIA BRINSON

"GIN"

Born August 16, 1911

Latin Club, '25, '26; French Club, '28; Athletic Association, '28; Glee Club, '27, '28; Junior Chorus, '27; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '28.

"A little chimney heated hot in a minute"



THE KRABBA

SENIOR CLASS



1928

EDNA LEE BUCHANAN

"Ed"

Born August 21, 1910

Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26, '27, '28; Glee Club, '26, '27; Junior Chorus, '27; French Club, '27; Treasurer Winifred Fales Club, '28; Hiking Club, '27.

*"Never elated while one man's oppress'd,
Never dejected while another's bless'd."*

MARJORIE ELIZABETH BULIFANT

"MARGIE"

Born June 15, 1910

"Krabba" staff, '27, '28; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '27, '28; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26; Latin Club, '26, '26; Spanish Club, '27, '28; Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Commercial Club, '26, '28; Glee Club, '28.

*"The joys of youth and health her eye display'd,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed."*

HARRY LINWOOD CARMINES

Born April 14, 1909

Vice-President Freshman Class, '25; Secretary Sophomore Class, '26; Vice-President Junior Class, '27; Manager Baseball, '25, '26, '27; Edison Electrical Society, '25, '27, '28; "Pioneer", '27; Business Manager "Krabba", '27, '28.

*"A steadfast look, a conscious eye,
A boy on whom you can rely."*

PAULINE ELIZABETH CARMINES

"PEANNY"

Born March 15, 1911

Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Winifred Fales Club, '25, '26; Treasurer Winifred Fales Club, '27; President Winifred Fales Club, '28; Glee Club, '25, '26, '27, '28; Music Club, '26, '27; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28; Junior Chorus, '27; Class Play, '28.

*"Pauline presents a puzzle—
(But the answer many know)
If Pauline isn't conceited
Why does she love 'Braigs' so?"*

ELIZABETH GRACE CASKEY

"TOOTS"

Born December 17, 1910

Glee Club, '25; Latin Club, '25; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28; Athletic Association, '26, '27, '28; Music Club, '26, '27; French Club, '28; Junior Chorus, '27; Class Play, '28.

*"Happy-go-lucky, fair and free—
If you'd be happy, be like she."*

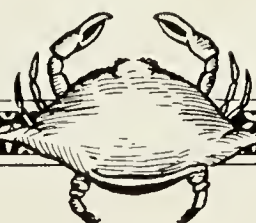
SAMUEL READE CHISMAN

"SAM"

Born April 26, 1910

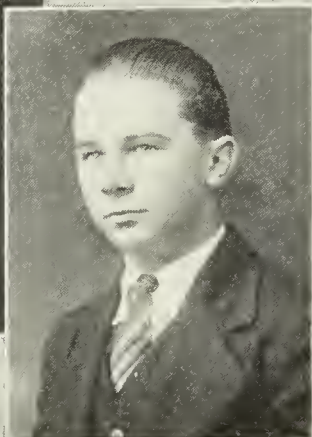
Latin Club, '25, '26; Football Squad, '26, '27; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '27, '28; Glee Club, '25, '26, '27.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"



THE KRABBA

SENIOR CLASS



1928

WILLIAM FARHNOM CLARK

"BILL"

Born March 3, 1911

Athletic Association, '27, '28; "Pioneer" staff, '26, '27; "Krabba" Staff, '27, '28; Student Council, '28; Class Play, '28.

*"Why does William daily a 'journal' compose?
Only Elizabeth Marchant knows."*

NAN SINCLAIR COLLIER

"NAN"

Born September 16, 1911

Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Music Club, '26; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26, '27, '28; "Krabba" Staff, '28; Secretary French Club, '28; Secretary Junior Class, '27.

*"To see her is to love her,
And to love but her forever—
For nature made her what she is
And never made another."*

ELLEN CLYDE COOKE

"COOKIE"

Born September 9, 1911

Spanish Club, '25, '26; Commercial Club, '25, '26; Athletic Association, '25, '27; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26.

*"This maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by——."*

WILLIAM CUMMING

"97"

Born March 22, 1909

Football Squad, '27; Track, '28.

*"In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
Even tho' vanquished he could argue still."*

MARIE ANTIONETTE DAVIS

"RE RE"

Born September 27, 1910

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28; "Pioneer" Staff, '27; Assistant Editor "Krabba", '28; French Club, '28; Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Glee Club, '26, '27, '28; Latin Club, '25, '26; Junior Chorus, '27.

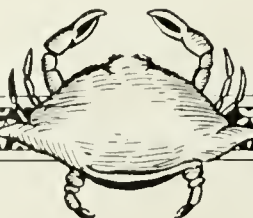
*"Light or dark, short or tall,
She sets a sprige to snare them all.
All's one to her—above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at any man."*

HOLSTON DIXON

"HOLY"

Born February 28, 1911

"As for me, all I know is that I know nothing."



SENIOR CLASS



1928

DOROTHY ENOS DIVER

"DEE"

Born August 11, 1909

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28; Winifred Fales Club, '26, '27, '28; Glee Club, '26, '27; Junior Chorus, '27; French Club, '28; Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Secretary Junior Class, '27; Vice-President 4A Class, '28.

*"Showing that a good face is a letter of recommendation,
And a good heart a letter of credit."*

MABEL VIRGINIA EUBANK

"MABEL"

Born May 9, 1911

Latin Club, '25, '26; Athletic Association, '28; Glee Club, '26, '27; Winifred Fales Club, '26, '27; Junior Chorus, '27; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '27, '28; D. D. K.'s, '27; Secretary and Treasurer D. D. K.'s, '28; French Club, '28.

*"Some call it personality
Some call it chic—
We call it Mabel."*

RUTH MILDRED FINDLEY

"JIM"

Born January 2, 1911

Winifred Fales Club, '25, '26, '28; Corresponding Secretary Winifred Fales Club, '27; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '27; French Club, '28; Junior Chorus, '27.

*"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired,
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired."*

HELEN ROLLINS FORREST

Born May 22, 1909

Latin Club, '25; Athletic Association, '25, '28; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26, '27; French Club, '27.

*"A day for toil, an hour for sport
But for a friend is life too short."*

JOHN DRUMMOND FOSQUE

"JUM" "JACK"

Born January 26, 1911

Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '25, '27, '28; Manager Basket Ball, '28; Treasurer Senior Class, '28; Football Squad, '26, '27; Journalism Club, '27; Student Council, '28; Class Play, '28.

*"Many a man has busted in business
Because his necktie and socks didn't match."*

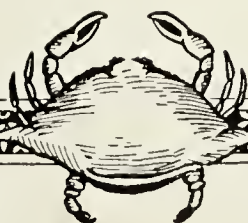
EVELYN CAROLINE GARDNER

"FREDDIE"

Born November 1, 1910

Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Latin Club, '25, '26; Secretary Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '27, '28; "Pioneer" Staff, '27; "Krabba" Staff, '28; French Club, '28; Glee Club, '26, '27, '28; Junior Chorus, '27.

*"Tis not in mortals to demand success,
But she'll do more; she'll deserve it."*





PAUL TALBERT GRAHAM

"JIM"

Born January 8, 1911

Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Track, '25, '27, '28; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '26, '27, '28; Football Squad, '27; President Senior Class, '28; President Student Council, '28; Senior Play, '28.

*"He starts to sing as he tackles the thing
That can't be done, and he does it!"*

ELLA LOUISA GRUHN

"SISTER"

Born September 19, 1909

Latin Club, '26, Athletic Association, '27, '28; Orchestra, '25; Commercial Club, '27; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '28.

*"Louise is a girl who uses her head.
But somehow she seems to have fallen for 'Red'."*

ALICE VIRGINIA GUY

Born April 8, 1909

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '27, '28; French Club, '28; Athletic Association, '27, '28; Junior Chorus, '27.

*"Alice Guy isn't shy—
But independent? Oh, my!"*

DORIS LEE HARRELL

"Dot"

Born September 1, 1910

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '28; Glee Club, '25, '26; Junior Chorus, '27; Athletic Association, '27, '28; Commercial Club, '27.

*"As fresh as a daisy,
Refreshing as the dew."*

CATHERINE R. HATHAWAY

Born November 29, 1911

Manager Tennis Club, '27; Manager Basketball, '28; French Club, '27; Latin Club, '25, '26; Secretary Senior Class, '27; Treasurer Hiking Club, '27; Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Music Club, '25; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '27; Stage Manager Class Play, '28.

*"She hath a way—
Catherine Hathaway—
To be heaven's self
Catherine hath-a-way."*

MARY BOYD FAULKNER HOPE

"BOYDIE"

Born July 30, 1909

Glee Club, '25, '26; Junior Chorus, '26, '27; Journalism Club, '25; Winifred Fales Club, '28; D. D. K., '27; Vice-President D. D. K.'s, '28; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26, '27; Vice-President Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '28; Basketball Squad, '26, '27; Captain Basketball, '28; Hiking Club, '27.

*"Our greatest good and what we least can spare
is our Hope."*



SENIOR CLASS



1928

EUGENE HUGHES

Born April 29, 1910

Athletic Association, '25, '28; Booster's Club, '25, '26; Latin Club, '25, '26; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28; Vice-President Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26, '27; Glee Club, '26, '27; Debating Team, '26; Treasurer Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '28; "Krabba" Staff, '28.

"He that can't live on love deserves to die in a ditch."

EVALYN KATHERINE HUGHES

"HAPPY"

Born November 21, 1911

Latin Club, '25; Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26, '27, '28; Glee Club, '26, '27; Junior Chorus, '27; Treasurer French Club, '28; Secretary Winifred Fales Club, '28; Hiking Club, '28.

"She not only views life through rose-colored glasses, But she also makes others see it that way."

MADELINE M. KARSTEN

"KIDDO"

Glee Club, '26; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26, '27; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '28; Athletic Association, '27, '28; Commercial Club, '27; Class Poet, '28.

"Of disposition she's most sweet With a happy smile she her classmates greets."

LEWIS TRAVIS KELLY

"GOOF"

Born October 10, 1911

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28; Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Journalism Club, '26; French Club, '28; Editor-in-Chief "Krabba", '28; Class Historian, '28.

"Nowher so besy a man as he ther was, And yet he semed bisier than he was."

MARJORIE VIRGINIA KRAFT

"MARCIE"

Born January 8, 1912

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '28; Junior Chorus, '27; Athletic Association, '27, '28; French Club, '28.

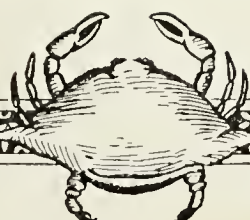
"There lies a deal of deviltry beneath this mild exterior."

IDA LOUISE LYLISTON

Born November 9, 1909

Commercial Club, '27; Spanish Club, '26; Athletic Association, '27.

"Too full of wisdom for the tongue to utter."





EMMETT L. MABRY

"SPIRITS"

Born February 16, 1908

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27;
Commercial Club, '27; Edison Electrical Society, '26;
Journalism Club, '26; Secretary Freshman Class, '24;
Spanish Club, '25, '26.

"Beware the fury of a patient man."

MARY ANNE MALLISON

"MARIE AWN"

Born March 31, 1911

Basketball Squad, '24, '25; Latin Club, '24, '25; Glee
Club, '24, '25; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '27,
'28; Junior Chorus, '27; Hiking Club, '27; D. D. K.'s,
'28; Cheer Leader, '28; French Club, '28; Athletic Asso-
ciation, '25, '26, '27, '28.

*"Dark and attractive as well you can see,
If ever she's missing, call the R. O. T. C."*

FRANCES MARIE MARKHAM

"FANNY"

Born October 12, 1910

Spanish Club, '26; Commercial Club, '27; Woodrow
Wilson Literary Society, '26, '27, '28.

*"When Frances smiles, her glance beguiles
Our hearts through love-lit woodland isles."*

BLANCHE MARGARET RITCHIE McWATT

Born January 28, 1911

Glee Club, '25, '26, '27; Junior Chorus, '26, '27;
Spanish Club, '26; Music Club, '25, '26, '27; Basket-
ball Squad, '27, '28; Commercial Club, '27; Winifred
Fales Club, '28; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26,
'27, '28.

*"Small and athletic
Cheery and bright
She's just the one
To make the team fight."*

IRENE MONTA

Born May 9, 1911

French Club, '28; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society,
'28; Athletic Association, '28; Junior Chorus, '27.

*"Irene's quite serene,
But on V. P. I.,
Oh boy, she's keen!"*

ALICE LEE MOORE

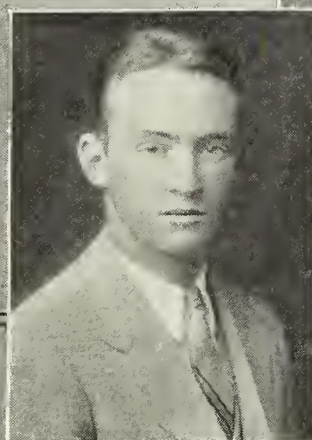
Born April 25, 1910

Athletic Association, '27; Woodrow Wilson Literary
Society, '25, '26, '27; French Club, '28; Hiking Club,
'26, '27.

*"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore lets be merry!"*



SENIOR CLASS



1928

PAULINE ELIZABETH MOORE "PEANUT"

Born December 23, 1910

Winifred Fales Club, '27; Vice-President Winifred Fales Club, '28; Junior Chorus, '27; Athletic Association, '27, '28; French Club, '28; Music Club, '26.

*"To some discreet, well-natur'd, cheerful, fair—
One not too stately for the household care."*

MAIDA RANDOLPH PAYNE "MAY"

Born June 23, 1910

Athletic Association, '27; Junior Chorus, '26; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26, '27; French Club, '27, '28.

*"We have know her for four years
And we still say, 'Maida's no Payne'."*

DOROTHEA ANNE PHILLIPS "DOT"

Born October 15, 1910

Latin Club, '24, '25; Athletic Association, '27.

"Never hurried yet always there."

MARY FRANCES PHILLIPS "MOSES"

Born February 16, 1911

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28; Athletic Association, '28; French Club, '28; Winifred Fales Club, '25, '26; Junior Chorus, '27.

*"She's no foe to any man,
But she can talk to beat a band!"*

IDA LANCE REILLY "SLIM"

Born December 27, 1910

Latin Club, '25; Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27; French Club, '27; Junior Chorus, '27.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market"

EDWARD FRANKLYN RIGGINS "HANK"

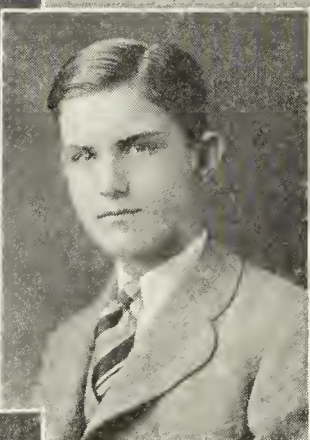
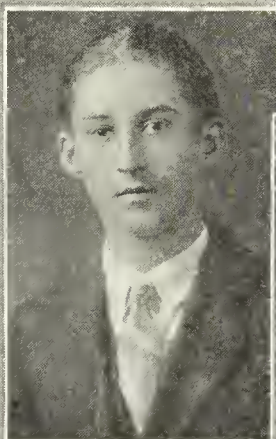
Born February 3, 1909

Baseball Team, '23, '24, '25, '26; Athletic Association, '24, '25, '27, '28; Journalism Club, '25, '26; Football Squad, '24, '25, '26, '27; Basketball Manager, '26; Vice-President Senior Class, '27; Senior Class Play, '27.

*"Oh love, love, love,
Love is like a dizziness—
It wanna let a poor boy
Gang about his bizness."*



SENIOR CLASS



1928

VICTORIA LEE ROLLINS

"VICKIE"

Born October 8, 1910

Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26, '27, '28; Hiking Club, '27; Secretary Glee Club, '28; Orchestra, '27, '28; Vice-President Music Club, '26; Junior Chorus, '27; Commercial Club, '27; Latin Club, '25; Spanish Club, '26; Secretary Student Council, '28.

*"Vickie's a girl friend,
Vickie's a pal,
Vickie's just a regn'l'r gal."*

KATHLEEN CAREY RYAN

"PAT"

Born August 1, 1910

French Club, '27; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '27, '28; Athletic Association, '27, '28; Secretary and Treasurer 4A Class, '27.

*"Tell you nuther thing she'll do—
Mebbe you know 'bout it too!
But if she's jest got a dime
She'll go halders ever' time."*

DUDLEY BYRD SELDON

"TATER BUG"

Born November 24, 1911

French Club, '28; Athletic Association, '28.

*"He was a scholar and a right good one—
Exceedingly wise, fair-spoken and persuading."*

JOHN CLIFFORD SHELL

"JOHNNIE"

Born February 18, 1910

President French Club, '28; Student Council, '28; Basketball, '28; Athletic Association, '27, '28; Secretary of Athletic Association, '28; Senior Play, '28.

*"John while young and with every grace adorn'd,
Each blooming maiden and her charming wiles
scorned."*

ESMA ADELAIDE SHIELD

"ES"

Born August 13, 1911

Latin Club, '25, '26; Athletic Association, '28; Glee Club, '27, '28; French Club, '28; Junior Chorus, '27; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '28.

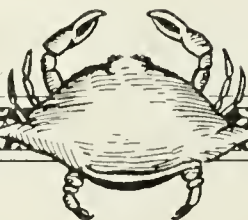
*"A ready smile, a happy glance,
She specially likes to talk of France."*

ROY SHORES

"RED"

Born August 10, 1910

"Good goods comes in small packages."



SENIOR CLASS



1928

MARGARET SIBLEY

Born April 8, 1911

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28;
Latin Club, '25, '26; Athletic Association, '26, '27.

*"Giggles, giggles, that is she—
Margaret Effie Sibley."*

KATHERINE WOODWARD SPRATLEY

"Boo"

Born December 12, 1910

Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Treasurer Freshman Class, '25; Latin Club, '25; Secretary Latin Club, '26; Booster's Club, '26; Glee Club, '26, '27; Vice-President Winifred Fales Club, '26; Junior Chorus, '27; Secretary Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '27; Vice-President Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '28; D. D. K.'s, '28; French Club, '28.

*"The beauty of her face is like a mirror—
Reflecting the beauty within."*

RICHARD STIRNI

"Dick"

Born February 6, 1910

Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28.

"Strange to the world he wore a bashful look."

ARCHIE STUTT

"BUSTER"

Born March 29, 1910

Secretary Edison Electrical Society, '26; Edison Electrical Society, '27; Athletic Association, '25.

*"Civil to all; sociable to many; familiar with few;
Friend to one; enemy to none."*

SIDONIE EMMA TAUTE

"DONIE"

Born January 14, 1911

Junior Chorus, '27; Commercial Club, '26; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '25, '26.

"She's tiny but she's wise."

LESLIE KELLY TAYLOR

"BURR"

Born July 1, 1910

Athletic Association, '28, Senior Play, '28.

"Only wise men know how to play the fool."



THE KRABBA



LILLIE HENRIETTA TAYLOR

"TILLIE"

Born February 17, 1910

French Club, '28.

*"One formed in Person and in Mind to please
To season's Life, and all its labors ease."*

PHYLLIS CAROLINE TENNIS

"PHIL"

Born November 12, 1909

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28;
Glee Club, '27; Athletic Association, '27, '28; French
Club, '28; Winifred Fales Club, '27, '28; Junior Chorus,
'27.

*"Phyllis is my only joy
Changeful as the winds or seas
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy
Yet she never fails to please."*

MEAUX THORNTON

"MEAU"

Born December 7, 1911

Athletic Association, '27, '28; Commercial Club, '27.

*"There are bigger men than Meaux
But I do hope you understand that radium is worth
more than coal."*

JOHN JOSEPH TIERNEY

"JOHNNIE"

Born June 4, 1908

Spanish Club, '25; Athletic Association, '26; Com-
mercial Club, '27.

"Do as I say do, not as I do."

JOHN RAYMOND TOPPING

"BLINKS"

Born May 25, 1909

French Club, '27, '28.

*"Here's to the boy
With the golden red locks,
A girl smiled at him
And it gave him a shock."*

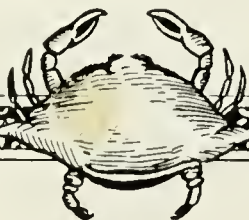
THELMA LOUISE WALKER

"T. L. W."

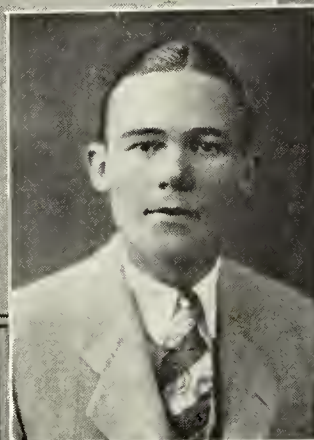
Born February 5, 1911

Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Latin Club, '25,
'26; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '26, '28; Glee
Club, '25, '26; Vice-President French Club, '28.

*"Thelma is a good Walker
'Cause she knows her 'Arches'."*



SENIOR CLASS



IVA LUCILLE WALLACE

"CIEL"

Born January 3, 1910

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28; French Club, '28; Junior Chorus, '27.

*"Quiet in her ways, is this sedate little maid,
But we'll tell anyone, she always makes the grade."*

ALICE A. WELCH

"ABBY"

Born July 14, 1910

French Club, '27; Junior Chorus, '26; Athletic Association, '27, '28; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '26, '27; Secretary Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '28; Home Economics Club, '28.

*"The sky's the limit says Abby at noon—
She looks toward heaven and falls in a swoon."*

REBA VASHTI WILEY

"MOSES"

Born January 24, 1911

Athletic Association, '28; French Club, '28; Winifred Fales Club, '26; Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '26, '27, '28; Booster's Club, '26; Junior Chorus, '27.

*"Her heart is gay, her feet are light
When you call 'Russ' she is ready for fight."*

BONNIE LEE WILLIAMS

"P. D."

Born February 15, 1912

Glee Club, '26, '27; Vice-President Glee Club, '28; Athletic Association, '25, '27, '28; Baseball Squad, '26, '27, '28.

*"Singing is sweet; but be sure of this,
Lips only sing when they cannot kiss."*

ASHBY STEPHEN WILSON

"BARRYMORE"

Born May 4, 1911

Thomas Jefferson Literary Society, '26, '27, '28; Journalism Club, '25, '26; Athletic Association, '25, '26, '27, '28; Latin Club, '25, '26; Football Squad, '26, '27; Basketball Squad, '27.

*"The bright black eye, the melting blue—
I cannot choose between the two."*

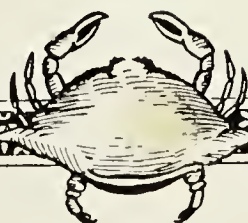
MARSHALL STERLING WILSON

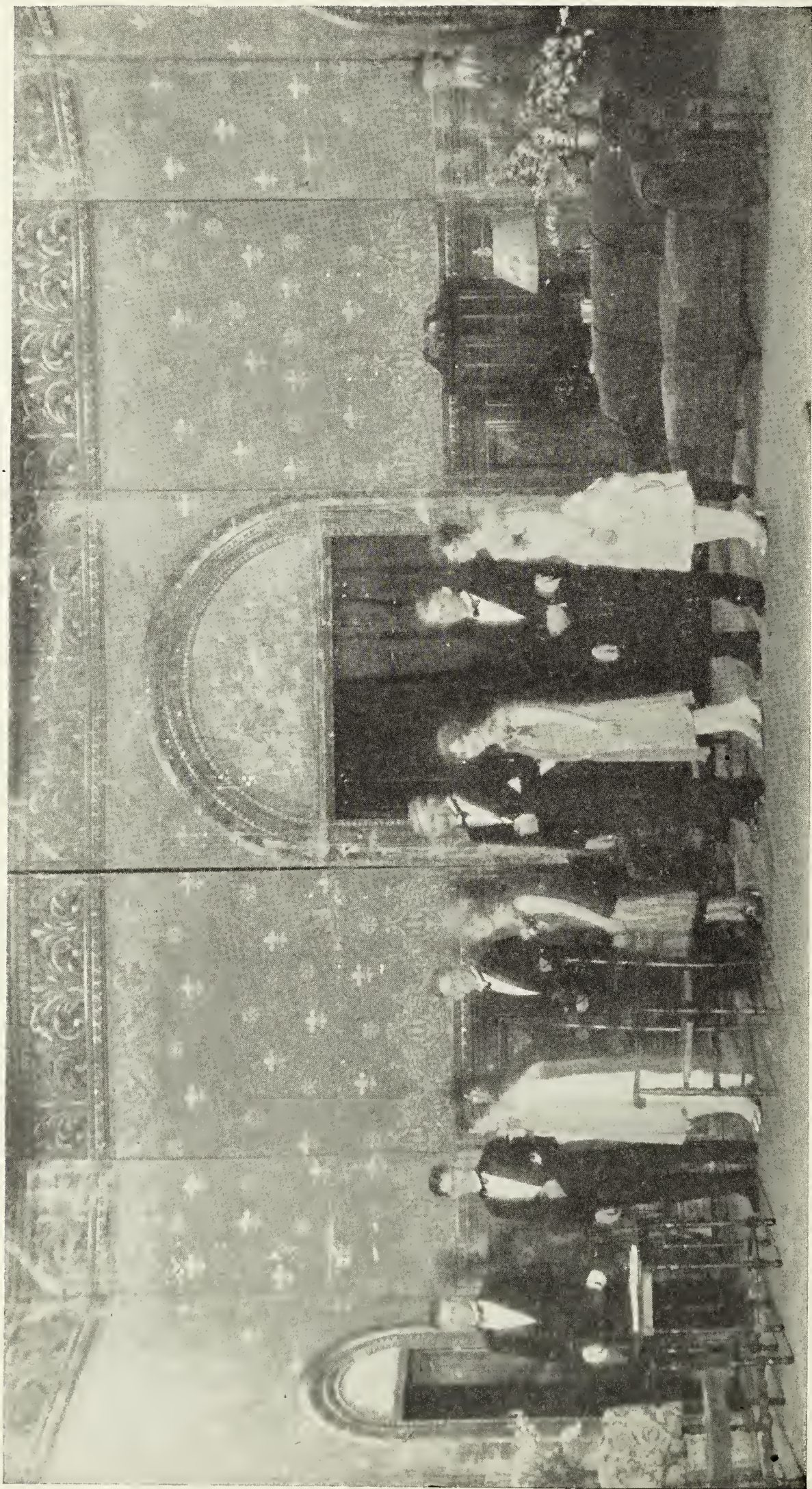
"DITTY"

Born December 13, 1907

Electrical Society, '27, '28; Commercial Club, '27; Vice-President Freshman Class, '23; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, '25, '26, '27, '28; Orchestra, '25, '26; Track Squad, '25; Spanish Club, '26; Music Club, '24.

"Gayly the troubadour strummed his guitar."





"So This is London"

Senior Class Presents

"So This is London"

By ARTHUR GOODRICH

CAST OF CHARACTERS

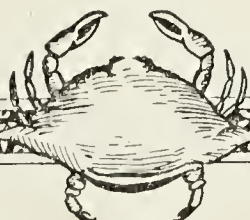
<i>Hiram Draper, Jr.</i>	John Shell
<i>Elinor Beauchamp</i>	Elizabeth Caskey
<i>Hiram Draper, Sr.</i>	Frank Riggins
<i>Mrs. Hiram Draper</i>	Abby Welch
<i>Sir Percy Beauchamp</i>	Paul Graham
<i>Lady Amy Ducksworth</i>	Pauline Carmines
<i>Lady Beauchamp</i>	Edna Silverman
<i>Alfred Honeycutt</i>	Jack Fosqué
<i>Thomas, a butler</i>	William Clark
<i>Jennings, Lady Ducksworth's butler</i>	Roswell Braig
<i>A Flunky at the Ritz</i>	Leslie Taylor

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I: The Draper's Suite at the Ritz, London.

ACT II: Sir Percy Beauchamp's Living Room in Brimshot—Day Later.

ACT III: Lady Ducksworth's Drawing Room—Same Day.



Class History, '28

The history of a class is a difficult thing to write. It must not be too formal in style nor yet contain too many details. For, being of no interest to the public in general, and of little interest to the class itself while the incidents are still fresh in mind, it must contain only threads of a story, around which, after the years have passed, one may bring them to reality. If then, this history seems to contain too many of the minor details or not enough, let not the reader be critical, but considerate.

We remember our rat year for numerous things. It was then that we formed our first real friendships in order to weather together the growing storm. It was then that the Romeos of the class first began their "sparking." Although we got off with the "whacks", etc. very easily we'll never forget the day Reade Chisman and Ashby Wilson were cornered in a tree and fire set under them. When the time came for choosing officers, we placed the future of the class into the capable hands of Milly Tennis, Harry Carmines, A. T. Hull, and Katherine Spratley. And then on a certain day in June, we bade farewell to the days of "rat" forever.

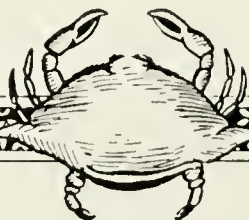
With our sophomore year, we associate "high-hatting" and other forms of foolishness, in which every sophomore class in history has taken part. However, we paid the price for every illegal joy, and came gradually to realize that the Soph class doesn't rule the student body.

After the storm of the first two years, came the inevitable calm and we settled down in the fall of '26 for the enjoyment of the best two of our four years. Most of us became ambitious, or thought we were, and took up five subjects, in order to have something extra to groan about. In athletics, we saw a great forward stride. The football team held Newport News to a 6-9 score in a heroic fight, our class president, Milly Tennis scoring the touchdown. The baseball and track teams won state championships. After all had been said and done, vacation came once again and we prepared for our most glorious year.

With the start of our senior year, we chose Paul Graham, Frank Riggins, Catherine Hathaway, and Jack Fosqué as officers and they carried on. We cannot deny that this has been our greatest year and that we have enjoyed its privileges, but we have not shirked its responsibilities. We have among our number the greatest majority of the school celebrities, a number of the best athletes, and the president of the student council, Paul Graham. Our only set-back of the year came after mid-term when Hugh Moreland, Jr., one of our most beloved classmates, was lost, a loss which all of us felt deeply.

During our four years we have seen many forward strides. We have witnessed the installation of a moving picture machine, the rebuilding of Darling Park, the organization of the student council, and a greater and more noticeable school spirit. Thus, we have "carried on".

It is said that with the joy that comes with the accomplishment of a task set before one, there also comes a feeling, akin to sorrow, a regret that it is done. We feel a touch of sadness; for although we have at last reached commencement, we have in a lesser sense reached the End.



ATHLETICS

Wearers of the "H"--'28

FOOTBALL

Capt. Tennis	Sansone	McIntyre
Riggins	Johnson	Walton
Braig	Kelly	Hess
Vanderslice	Hudgins	Daniels
Riley		Mgr. McClenny

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Capt. Johnson	McIntyre	Glodney
Steffey	Hess	Schofield
Kelly	Morris	Mgr. Fosque

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

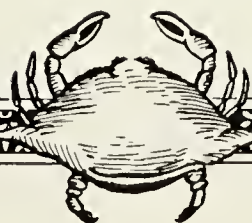
Capt. Hope	Williams	McWatt
Forrest	Lee	Haywood
Dressler	Cunningham	Mgr. Hathaway

TRACK

Capt. Steffey	Walton	Mgr. Johnson
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BASEBALL

Capt. Walton	Morris
Howard	Hess
McIntyre	Maloney
Horseman	Caldwell
Schofield	Williams
Kelly	Mgr. Hogge
	Taylor



TRACK-28



Coltrane, Glodney-100Yd. Dash



The Squad



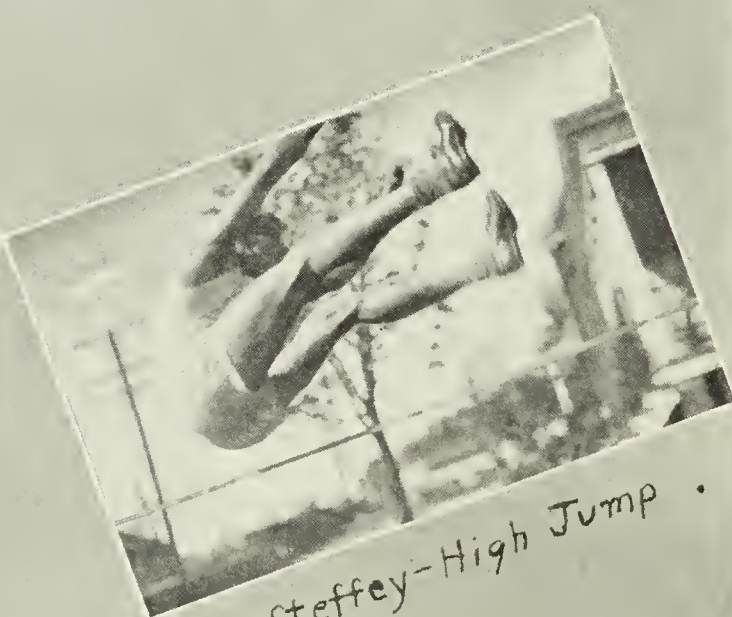
Steffey-220 Hurdles



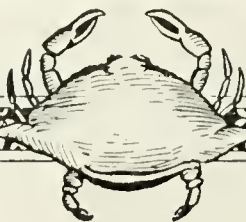
Glodney, Braig-440 DASH



Bergbom-Pole Vault



Steffey-High Jump .



Track - 1928

IVAN STEFFEY, *Captain*

OTIS JOHNSON, *Manager*

MEMBERS OF THE SQUAD

I. STEFFEY
O. JOHNSON
R. COLTRAIN
C. DEDERICK

H. GLODNY
P. GRAHAM
P. BERGBOM
C. BERGBOM

E. BRAIG
J. ADAMS
R. COOKE
W. WALTON

TIDEWATER CITY HIGH SCHOOL MEET

Williamsburg, Va., May 8, 1928

Hampton High School16 points

First place in 410 dash—Johnson (52.6 sec.)
Second place in 220 dash—Johnson.
First place in 220 hurdles—Steffey (27.3 sec.)
Third place in javelin—Steffey.
Fourth place in 100 dash—Coltrain.

STATE SECONDARY SCHOOL MEET

Charlottesville, Va., May 1, 1928

Hampton, first place36 points

First place in 220 hurdles—Steffey (28.3 sec.)
First place in javelin—Steffey (137 feet, 11 in.)
Second place in high jump—Steffey.
Second place in 100 dash—Walton.
Second place in 220 dash—Walton.
Fourth place in 440 dash—Glodny.
Second place in broad jump—Glodny.
Third place in broad jump—Dederick.
Second place in 220 hurdles—Dederick.
Second place in 410 dash—Johnson.
Third place in shot put—Walton.
Fourth place in shot put—Steffey.
Third place in half mile—Bergbom.





May Day

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

IT was Emerson who said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." One can see in these six little words the summary of human achievement and an everlasting inspiration to the future races of men.

From Socrates to Emerson every forward step taken by mankind through the revolving centuries, every advance by humanity toward the ultimate goal, has been taken by some valiant dreamer, whose eyes were fixed upon the dawn.

Moses, with dying eyes, saw a star that blazed in the Promised Land; the radiance of an Eternal Star led Three Wise Men to the Manger in Bethlehem; Columbus pinned his faith in the dawn of a new day; Newton, watching the apple fall,—each looked beyond into the future.

All men see visions, but only a few follow them. Every age has had its dreamers and happy we should be that it is so, for the dreamers have been the saviors of the world. As the visible world is sustained by the invisible, so men through all their trials and sins and sordid vocations have been nourished by the beautiful visions of their solitary dreamers. Humanity must not forget its dreamers, but must keep their ideals from fading. The dreams of dreamers should be the realities which we shall some day see and know. If you will remain true to your vision, your world will eventually be built of such materials. In the true sense, to desire is to obtain; to aspire is to achieve. It was the Great Teacher who said, "Ask, and ye shall receive." If that is true, and we believe it is, we should dream a lofty dream; for as we dream, so shall we become. Your vision, if it is ever the compass by which your star is set, is the promise of what you shall one day be; and your ideal is the prophesy of what you shall one day give to the world.

But we should not be dreamers only. We should welcome the things that lie squarely across our pathway. They are put there to climb upon and get higher, to exercise ourselves upon and get stronger, to look through and thus deepen the vision of our faith. Every avenue has been opened to us; if we are faithful to the opportunities offered, there is nothing we can not accomplish. The past is dead and cannot be altered; the future holds a fresh, clean page for each of us. Within it lies life and all of its fullness.

W. Wilson Phelps





Where: Hampton High
When: 4711 A. D.
Who: Dr. Durantedisson displaying some extinct fauna to the students

When trees still grew in America,
And people still walked on the ground,
When sixty home runs was a record,
And New York was considered a town,

When they thought Helen Hills could play tennis,
And Shakespeare an author of note,
When the Lincoln was sold for a motor car,
And the Leviathan ranked as a boat,

The pupils at old Hampton High School
Weren't taught by the movies, oh no.
They were taught by a queer kind of fauna
As extinct as the ancient Dodo.

These Dodoes were unique creations.
Their speech was from habit clipped short:
"All right" "Pencils down, please", "Attention!"
They could talk all day long without thought.

What notions these creatures cherished!
Who ever did chew chewing gum,
Was paper not made to be picked up?
To use mouths for talking, how dumb!

But wait, I'll describe them no further.
Here they stand for your gaze in a row.
To the right take a look, boys and girls,
At the antediluvian Dodo!



HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL

Past - Present - Future

PAST—If one should turn back the pages of a huge book entitled “The History of Hampton High School” to the very first leaf, an unbelievable situation would be revealed. It scarcely seems possible that forty years ago there was no high school in Hampton and that the ordinary graded school was carried on with only four teachers. In 1887 under Miss Mary F. Stone, higher branches were taught and much new work was introduced. Four years later, Hampton Academy assumed the dignity of a high school. The community seemed to awaken and to realize that a good school was a necessary factor.

During the principalship of Mr. Cowles (1894-1890), the public school of Hampton surpassed all previous records. A warmer interest than ever before seemed to exist among the people. In 1900 Hampton found herself with a new school, the West End High School building. It is indeed fitting to say that the people of this old town are thoroughly in sympathy with the public school movement, for in 1921 the Hampton High School building was erected to accommodate the increase of school population and the great demand of the day.

The former students who have made the history of the Hampton High School were not wholly occupied with the advancement of education but had for their motto “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” The lads of those days, who would have scorned the name of “shiek,” took great interest in football, baseball and other sports. It was during the '80's that tennis became fashionable; and daring indeed was the girl who gathered up her flounces and tied them into a cascade that floated behind her as she frisked gently about on the tennis court, her ankle exposed to all beholders. Later bicycles were the rage and rash females discarded their skirts for voluminous bloomers; and, though they were accused of trying to ape the man, there was a wide margin between the trousers and the shapeless “tailored” bloomers.

Indeed, it seems strange when we compare the modest maidens of those days strolling around the halls of the West End High School with their high waists and long full skirts, to the bobbed-haired, short-skirted girls of H. H. S. today.

Leap frog was considered an enjoyable pastime for some. However, this pleasure was greatly hindered when the girls were caught, for as punishment for such conduct, they were required to learn one or two pages of the dictionary. All day suckers and other candy now replace the huge sour pickles which all girls craved thirty years ago.

As we look forward into the future and, if there is as great advancement as there has been since the beginning of the high school in Hampton, we may justly anticipate a marvelous revelation.

PRESENT—*Just look around you.*

FUTURE—Behold the Hampton High School of fifty years hence! We turn over the pages of the future and gaze upon an entirely different scene from the one most familiar to us. No longer do we see the building which we habitated so frequently in youth. Instead, we see a large, white stone building housing five thousand children each day. No longer is Hampton the little “Crab-Town” of old. Instead it is a flourishing little city in which sea food still remains the major industry. To come back to the school, we are astonished to see such a few automobiles. Oh! I see, the airplanes have taken the lead in sales. We even see a landing stage upon the spacious roof. By taking a look at some of the aerial transporters we find on the majority the name “Ford” built by the same famous makers of the “lizzies” at an earlier date. That is not the only improvement that we see in the school.

In one part of the school is seen a large swimming pool for the use of students and others associated with the school. We see, on the side in a gay bathing suit, Miss Wicker, the far-famed historian. This stately figure is about the only familiar person that we see.

After gazing in wonder at the beautiful building we turn to see the athletic part of the school. A large gymnasium greets the eye—one that is much larger than that of our day. In looking in an old record book kept by the school, we see that, in the year 1928, the Crabbers” defeated the “Shipbuilders” by a close margin. I wonder if the record book is correct? I hope so! Well, anyway we will soon find out!!

Although many years separate the students of our day from those of years afterwards, we find that no material differences have changed them. The Crabbers still proudly wear the colors “red and white” and have the motto “Do or Die.”



Man and the Eagle

RUSSEL PAGE

The eagle looked down as he soared over his nest
High over the clouds in the mountainous west,
Man looked up with a covetous eye,
And wished human-beings could also fly.

So he set to work to build himself wings,
He fastened them on with many strings;
He leaped from a rock to a deep, dark hole,
And came out limping, but still as bold.

So it went through the ages, many trying to fly,
While the eagle looked on with a scornful eye,
But Man just said, "I am not through,"
And at last came the day when the first man flew.

The eagle viewed this with growing alarm,
For man reached up his powerful arm,
And snatching him from his domain on high,
Said, "Henceforth, forever, man rules the sky."

As the eagle looks up from his sheltered nest,
Toward the far, far heaven he dares not test,
Man looking down with a triumphful eye,
Says, "Old bird, I'll teach you how to fly."

Dreams

THELMA COILE

Upon a high stool
With a look of cherubic innocence,
Sits a little boy
Meditatively dreaming.
Thinking of knights of old, gallant, chivalrous, valiant,
Keeping tryst within beautiful walls,
Ivy-clad walls of an old church—
The subdued light from ancient stained glass windows,
Piercing the deepening shadows of the setting sun;
Keeping tryst with tell-tale sword clanking beside him noisily;
Biding to joust at the tournament
With the scarf of some fair ladye
Upon his arm;
Winning gloriously, never defeated,
Always the shouts of multitude, the praise of monarchs adoring.
Only a pensive office boy,
Musing, elbows on musty desk,
Chin cupped in grimy hands,
Toes pointing inward absurdly
Eyes alight with adventure.



THE KRABBA



Capt. Tennis

"Milly" was chosen captain again this year because of his excellent record of last year. For three years he has been an outstanding star at end, few in Tidewater being his equal. He is not only popular with his team-mates, but with the whole student body as well, having those qualities which make for leadership. We are sorry that he will not be back with us again next year, but we know he will succeed wherever he goes.



Coach Cooke

"Tac" came to us from William and Mary where he formerly played quarter-back. William and Mary is noted for its fighting spirit and "Tac" has injected this into the Crabbers. With practically a green team at the beginning of the season, he developed it into one of the greatest fighting machines ever to represent Hampton High. He is quiet and does not say much but when he speaks, he speaks with words of wisdom.



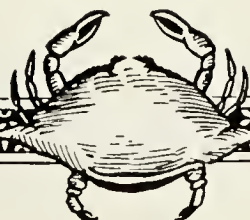
Coach Marrow

"Doc" Marrow, although not officially a coach, spent much of his time assisting in the coaching during the past season. He also hails from William and Mary where he was an outstanding star, and later a coach. It was he who coached the only state championship team to ever represent Hampton High. This was in 1912. We hope to have "Doc" with us for many years to come!



Manager McClenny

"Mike," our honorable manager, having proved his worth last year was unanimously re-elected, this year. He is one of the hardest-working and best-natured boys who has ever held this position and has the backing of the entire football team as well as that of the coaches. We hope to see him back again next year knowing that he can be depended upon.





Crabbers Overwhelm Morrison 38-0

The 1927 gridiron season was ushered in Friday, September 30, under the most auspicious circumstances in years, when the Crabbers battled their way to a 38 to 0 victory over Morrison High School.

Playing their first game on the handsome new athletic field, donated to Elizabeth City County by Captain Frank W. Darling, the Red and White rolled up probably the largest score for an opening game in its history, certainly the largest in recent years.

Scoring 10 first downs against their opponents 2, the High School outplayed Coach Kriegler's charges in every department of the game. A recovered fumble by Bill Walton, and Captain Milly Tennis' promptness in getting down the field under a punt to fall on the ball behind Morrison's goal, gave the Crabbers 13 points before the game had been under way 10 minutes.

Adeptness at the aerial game and ability to take advantage of breaks gave the Red and White 18 points in the first half. A 20 yard pass, McIntyre to Daniels, put the Crabbers in position to score the third touchdown in the second period. Bruce heaved another long spiral to Walton for the touchdown.

With Bill Walton leading the attack, the Red and White exhibited its drives in the final half. Kelly intercepted a Morrison pass in the third period on the enemy's 15 yard line. Bill crashed through for the score. A few minutes later Bill showed the crowd that line plunging was not his only virtue and raced 50 yards through the Morrison team for a pretty broken-field run and another score. He received the pass from Bruce.

McIntyre, not only directed the play of the team and did the kicking and heaving, but had a part in the actual scoring as well. He broke through the Morrison line in the final period to count.

It was obviously a Red and White day. The fighting spirit exhibited by every member on the squad won for the High School decisive victory, and left the followers of the team in keen anticipation of what the season was to bring forth.

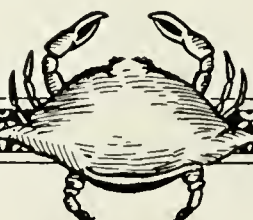
Crabbers Lose to Maury After Great Fight, 6-0

One of the hardest fought battles that has ever been seen on a football field in years was when the Maury Commodores defeated the Crabbers by the score of 6 to 0 on October 14th on the J. S. Darling field.

Never in all the history of Hampton High School has any team put up such a game fight as did the Crabbers that day. Seven times were the powerful Commodores within the Red and White ten-yard line, and seven times did the fighting Crabbers drive them back. Only because of Maury's great reserve strength were they able to score their one touchdown in the last three minutes of play.

Hampton kicked off to start the game, and Maury punted the ball back. After another exchange of punts, Hampton got their ball on the 50-yard line and McIntyre made 30 yards. Walton made a yard outside. A pass, McIntyre to Tennis, made another first-down. Pass, McIntyre to Riggins, gained 5 yards. W. Outley then intercepted a pass on his 10 yard line, ruining the Red and White's chances of scoring.

Again and again the Commodores walked the ball down the field, but the Crabbers held them; and, when the fourth quarter rolled around, the score was 0 to 0.



After an exchange of punts, Maury got the ball on their 35 yard line. A pass, Lawless to Pinello, put the ball on Hampton's 5 yard line. For two downs the Crabbers held, but on the third down Maxie went over for a touchdown.

Hampton then received and started their march down the field in which they completed 5 out of 7 passes, but the game ended as Maury got the ball.

The playing of Maxie and of the Ottley brothers was outstanding on the Maury offensive, while the playing of Jack Darden looked the best in the line.

For the Red and White, Riggins seemed the best in the line, while the playing of Walton was best on the offensive. McIntyre also played a nice game before he was forced to retire on account of an injury in the second quarter.

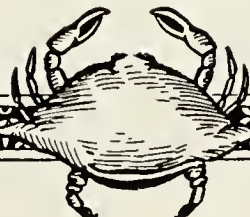
Hampton and Benedictine Battle to Scoreless Tie

In a slow and unexciting game, Hampton High School played the St. Benedictine school to a scoreless tie on Darling's Field on October 21. It was the second scoreless tie that these teams have played in the past three years.

Only one time during the game did the Crabbers make a bid at scoring; and that was in the second quarter when a few short passes, and off-tackle runs by Hess and Walton carried the ball to Benedictine's 7 yard line. Here they were held for downs and the ball went over.

Benedictine also had one chance to score but failed as Milly Tennis intercepted a forward pass, and carried the ball out of danger.

The playing of Bragg and Riggins on the defense, and Hess and Walton on the offense along with Daniels' passing and punting was best for the Red and White, while the playing of Lucas and Duffy in the backfield, and Ahern and Purcell in the line seemed best for Benedictine.



Oceana Easy for Crimson, 25-0

Hampton High School won their second football game of the season on October 7 when they swamped Oceana High School to the tune of 25 to 0. From the opening whistle the Crabbers took command of the game. The outcome was never in doubt as the Crabbers clearly outplayed the boys from across the river.

The Crabbers, functioning around Bill Walton, the crashing fullback started their march down the field for their first touchdown, soon after the game started. Walton made 20 yards through the line, followed by Daniels, who made 2 yards. Walton took the ball again and ran 30 yards for a touchdown.

Again taking the ball in midfield, Walton made 30 yards on an off-tackle play. Hess made 5 yards around end, followed by a pass from McIntyre to Riggins that netted 20 yards. Walton then took the ball over for the second touchdown. A pass from McIntyre to Tennis accounted for the extra point.

Harry Hess, the Crabbers' fleet little halfback, made the third touchdown by intercepting an Oceana pass and running 70 yards.

The final touchdown came in the fourth quarter when a pass from McIntyre to Riggins accounted for 15 yards. Walton then made 10 yards through the line, and McIntyre took the ball over.

The Red and White scored 14 first downs to Oceana's 1. They also completed eight passes out of eighteen tries. The team showed great improvement over their first game with Morrison, as the backs exhibited a greater drive, and the line held more firmly. Walton was the outstanding star of the game as he plowed through the Oceana line at will, and only on one occasion failed to gain. Riggins at left end also played a nice game. He was down the field on many punts stopping the men in their tracks. For Oceana the playing of Mills was outstanding.

South Norfolk Sends Crabbers Down to 18-0 Defeat

On October 27th, on Darling Field, the South Norfolk Tigers defeated the Crabbers by the score of 18 to 0. South Norfolk scored once in the first quarter and twice again in the fourth.

The Tigers, built around Morgan, the flashy little quarterback, experienced little trouble in defeating the Crabbers.

The Red and White, without the services of McIntyre, quarterback, and Sansone, guard, were greatly handicapped. The Crabbers only made three first downs, while the South Norfolk boys made ten. They were not throwing their passes with regularity as usual.

The playing of the whole South Norfolk team was good while their backfield was the fastest seen on the Hampton field in many a day. Kelly, at center, seemed to have played the best game in the line, for the Crabbers, while Hess, Walton and Daniels were the star performers in the backfield.

THE SAD MISFORTUNE OF MR. THORPE

JEAN McBRIDE

Our honorable principal, Mr. Thorpe,
Was at the Maury game,
And he acted so very undignified,
That he almost wrecked his good name.

He screamed and shouted, "Hold that line,"
And jumped madly up and down;
But once he jumped a little too high,
And landed on the ground.

But he wasn't a bit embarrassed,
For the Hampton line had held;
And instead of blushing and turning red,
He just cheered and shouted and yelled.



News
Before
It
Happens

Price
5c a Grab
Grab
Early to
Avoid
Rush

The Merrimac

Vol. I.

HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL, HAMPTON, VA.

No. 1

GLEE CLUB PRESENTS "TOREADORS"

STUDENTS HELD ON CHARGES MISCONDUCT

Schoolmates Escape

Several high school students were joyfully engaged in turning out the lights of houses by pulling down the service switch. A Ford rattled up the street and stopped by the house at which the boys were then visiting. The police did not approve of this innocent amusement! Our hero, not knowing that the tin conveyance was being used as a patrol wagon, did not flee with his comrades when they quickly disappeared from the scene of action.

Nevertheless, he was well repaid for this behavior by the ride which the policemen gave their honored passenger. Perhaps the official wagon would have been more comfortable—but then joy rides are for fun, not comfort!

At the station our loyal student refused to tell the names of his companions. One of the town's citizens identified him and this kept him from spending the night behind the bars. However, he is none the worse for the evening's experience.

Alpha Omega Organizes

Wallace Hogge Chosen Pres.

The Alpha Omega Fraternity held its initial meeting at noon on Thursday, November 3rd. It was decided that only two officers were necessary. Wallace Hogge was elected president and John Shell, treasurer. The president appointed a committee consisting of Edward McAllister and Eugene Hughes to draw up a constitution. This is a new organization and its purpose has not been made public. The members are Wallace Hogge, John Shell, Paul Wood, Eugene Hughes, Bonnie Williams and Edward McAllister.

CLASSES ELECT THEIR OFFICERS

The Seniors held their first meeting of the term on October 20th for the purpose of electing officers. Paul Graham was chosen to pilot the class of '28. The other officers elected were as follows: Frank Riggins, Vice-president; Catherine Hathaway, Secretary; and Jack Fosque, Treasurer. The seniors have already "had their beauty struck" for the final issue of the "Krabba," and other projects of the class are now underway.

The Juniors have already begun on their financial campaign with the prospect of giving the Seniors a banquet in the Spring. The officers elected by them on October 4th were: Wallace Hogge, President; Otis Johnson, Vice-president; Dorothy Driver, Secretary; and Bernard Johnson, Treasurer.

The Sophomores chose the following officers on October 4th: Edward McAllister, President; Lila Cock, Vice-president; Jeff Hollis, Secretary; Jack Horseman, Treasurer.

LOST—Several credits in the last few years, on Latin. Reward offered if returned to Sarah Face, Room 30.

FOUND—One scrambled brain. Owner must identify same by telling what it contains.

WANTED—Information on "How to pass 2B Latin." Apply Tony Sansone, Room 202.

Weather Phophecy

When the stars are thick and shining bright,

You may look for rain tomorrow night.

When you hear the song of a tree frog clear,

You may know that rain is very near.

Light Opera Pleases Large Audience

Spanish Type—Two Acts

The Hampton High School Glee Club, directed by John Starnes, presented "The Toreadors," a light opera in two acts before a large audience in the High School auditorium, December ninth.

Huston Face and Wallace Hogge, first as beggars, later as pseudo-toreadors, furnished the high-lights of the evening, keeping the audience in gales of laughter all the while they were on the stage. Huston Face's "worse than that" has passed into a proverb at the High School; and not even Charlie Chaplin ever made a more dramatic entrance than did Wallace Hogge in his nifty-ventilated beggar's costume.

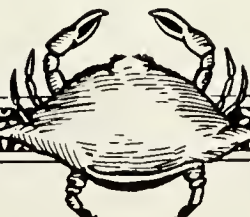
Sarah Face, as Benita, flirted with fan and Mantilla in the gayest Spanish manner. She also sang the musical hit of the evening, "Say You'll Be True to Me, Sweetheart."

Paul Wood, as Juan, playing opposite Miss Face, both looked and acted the amorous Spanish gallant. Victoria Rollins, as Berita, performed with grace and enthusiasm; while Hugh Adams, as Pablo, charmed the audience with his clear tenor voice.

Other principals were Bonnie Lee Williams, as Dictorio, the star of the show; Nannie Lee Peake, who proved why gentlemen prefer blondes; and Rachael McDaniel.

The chorus and group of dancing girls showed careful training.

Much credit for the excellence of the performance is due to Miss Burt Pressey who assisted Mr. Starnes, to Miss Sinclair, who directed the dancing girls, and to Miss Anna Cameron, who handled the costuming.



Thomas Jefferson Literary Society



OFFICERS

WALLACE HOGGE, *President*

KATHARINE SPRATLEY, *Vice-president*

ABBY WELCH, *Secretary*

WILLIAM HUNT, *Treasurer*

MISS MARY HESS, *Faculty Advisor*

Since we have been named after one of the greatest presidents of the United States and one of the world's foremost leaders, it has been the slogan of the society to be as great a society as Thomas Jefferson was a man. Whether the society has lived up to this or not is for them to pronounce judgment on. Up to the present year the society has been handicapped by the lack of quantity, but it seems as though more students have joined this year than ever before.

It has been up to the literary societies not only to do their literary work but also to be more or less of a dramatic club. The Thomas Jefferson and Woodrow Wilson societies have done this in the past, and are still hard at making the literary societies the hardest working clubs in Hampton High School.

Every club needs workers and plenty of them in order to advance anywhere in the world of achievement. However, much to the literary societies' disappointment, they have both been filled with a group of dead-heads who just use the society as a place to go but not a place to help.

Any student cannot lose out by joining either society in Hampton High School, for the literary societies have a place for anyone who wishes to make a professional man of himself. For the lawyer there is debating and plenty of it; for the statesman there is oratory; for everyone there is reading; and especilaly for the domestic girl there is stage decorating. Then too, we have a place for the actors, for we generally give plays to create a little surplus finance.

Then "As you sow, so shall you reap." Every literary student has a chance to show his wares for the trip to Charlottesville. To this small historic town debaters, orators, and readers are sent from all over the state to do their best for their respective schools. If we sow heavily we shall reap bountifully. "On to Charlottesville," has been the Thomas Jefferson Literary Society's cry; and we are hoping with the best of them that we shall get the call over our rivals, the Woodrow Wilson Literary Society. We shall not let past experiences discourage us but will go after anyone who challenges with our whole heart and soul to win for our grand old Hampton High School.



JOKES

'Tis a job for me to write this ditty,
That I have to do it is a dog-gone pity;
But since it's decreed that to do it I must,
I'll finish it now if I die or bust.

The trouble with me is I'm not sentimental
Like some who are also quite ornamental,
Were I moon struck or pretty or something like that
I'd write prose and poetry both clever and pat.

We know a very modest boy,
So modest be it said,
He never passed a garden,
While the flowers were in bed.

He kissed her in the garden,
When the moon was shining bright,
But she was a marble statue, and
He was drunk that night.

Papa Kangaroo: "Where's the baby, dear?"
Mama Kangaroo: (feeling in pockets)—"That's funny, I must have left him in my other clothes."

She: "But aren't you afraid the other team will learn your signals?"
Vandy: "Oh, no, they're so complicated we can't even understand them ourselves."

First Papa: "Do you think your son will forget all he learned at college?"

Second Papa: "I hope so. He can't make a living necking."

Mr. Elliot: "These are not my own words I'm quoting, they're the words of somebody who knows what they're talking about."

Miss Wicker: "Please write on both sides of the paper, I'm for forest conservation."

Doctor: "But my dear sir, I've been performing operations for the last ten years, and I've never had a complaint. Doesn't that prove anything?"

Patient: "Yes, that dead men tell no tales."

I'd tell about sports and discourse or dance,
Explain how the Crabbers lose never a chance:
How the basketball team will come home with the bacon
Now stop me right here if you think I'm mistaken.

The muse has gone daffy, my pen is all dry,
My wits are wool gathering; Ideas are shy:
If I write any more my nut will go pop!
Right here is the place where I come to a stop.

Mr. Eliot: "Shay, ossifer, is this Fox Hill?"

Officer: "Yes."

Sandy: "Wish you'd direct me to 4-11-44, got to attend a lecture there."

Officer: "Great Scott, man, who's giving a lecture at this ungodly hour?"

Sandy: "My wife, Ossifer, my dear little wife."

Miss Scott: "You're so dumb I wouldn't call you a ham."

Mr. Henderson: "Why?"

Miss Scott: "Because hams can be cured and you can't."

Miss Wilson: (coily)—"I hate to think of my twenty-fifth birthday."

Tac: (brutally)—"Why, what happened then?"

Mrs. Chisman: "Whiting, you should never do anything that you would be ashamed for the world to see."

Bubber: "Hurrah, I won't have to take any more baths."

Mr. Thorpe (at Union-Noreum game)—"Them boys are fightin' like hell!"

"I hear Bruce has a new car."

"What can he do in it?"

"You'd be surprised."

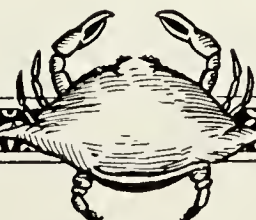
"Oy, Epstein, I've made a bad investment!"

"Vot's de matter by it?"

"I just took out fire insurance, and de price of oil has went up."



Oh, Teacher?



THE KRABBA

THE KRABBA SCHOOL

Once there was a little school, it had no students 'tall
It did have a president, a perfesser and feet-ball
They were a little shy of entrances, exams and sich
as that
They feared if they made it hard the boys would
"skeedat"
So they begun to git busy and hustle 'round a heap
A searching for the students—little boys and girls
to keep.
And yer better be good, kid and stop your gaddin'
about
Or the Krabba School'll git you if you don't watch out.
The advertisin' talks like they make you mighty good,
But bein' so few of 'em, I don't see how they could.
They sometimes talks of helpin' fellows just 'cause
they'rè poor;
And ef he have a nickle they never let him leave the
door.
What you know and what you don't know never seems

to count;
Taint fitness they're after, but numbers and amount.
So yer better keep yer blinkers open and see what
yer about
Or the Krabba School'll ketch yer, if yer don't look out.
They sometimes calls it "The Crimson Menace" and
such
But don't let 'em fool yer, son, it's all the same in
Dutch
No matter where it bites yer, a snake is jes as bad
And this one's mighty vigus, pard, it's after yer, my lad.
I saw a feller once what they kept a year or two
And they's done him, innerds and outards, into a
perfect stew,
So don't git too wise, guy, and fergit what yer about
For the Krabba School is after ye, an' yer better
watch out.

—Selected.

Gratification

Peggy in her new sedan,
Said she only lacked a man;
She had one a moment later,
Caught him on her radiator.

Out of Place

"Justice! I demand justice!"
cried the student.
The Teacher: "Hush! Don't
forget that you are in Hampton
High School."

Of Course

Office Boy: Here's a lady what
insists on seein' you! She's awful
excited!
Editor: Then escort her to the
composing-room, you idiot!

"What have you been up to?"
asked the stocking of the skirt.
"No matter what. You can
never hope to reach the same
heights as I," was the reply.

Some Lazy

Teacher (after studying inventions): What do you
think you would like to invent?
Lazy Tom: I'd like to invent a machine so that
when you pressed a button you'd have your history
lesson, another one and you'd have your arithmetic, etc.
Until all your lessons were done.
Teacher: Now, William, what would you like to
invent?
Hopeless Bill: I'd like to invent something to push
the buttons.



Unkind Fate

Two little boys were naughty
and the teacher kept them after
school, making them write their
names five hundred times as an
added punishment.
On hearing this, one little boy
burst into tears.
The teacher asked him what
was the matter.
"Taint fair," he cried; "his
name is Lee and mine is Snickel-
fritzer."

And So Do We

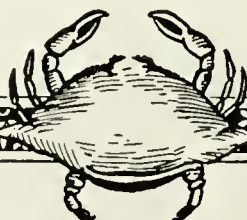
Chick: What does a Scotch-
man do with his dull safety razor
blades?
Biddy: I couldn't say. What
does he do with his dull safety
razor blades.
Chick: Shaves with them.

Why, the Idea

He: "Why is football popular with undertakers?"
She: "Go ahead, I'm it."
He: "They like to see 'em kick off."

Baby Lincolns

"Say, Joe, I got a new job in Detroit."
"What doing?"
"Painting whiskers on Fords."
"Huh?"
"Yes, makes 'em look like Lincolns."



To Hampton High

By THELMA COILE

Like the homesteader,
 Delighting in the fruits of his toil—
 The fresh-turned earth, smelling faintly of clover,
 The waving sea of green plants,
 Growing, growing, growing until, in the prince of glory,
 They yield forth their grain;
 The sod house, built by his hands to shelter his family;
 All these wrought with infinite calor, in order that the wilderness,
 Lying in wait, like a young panther,
 Might be conquered.
 Thus Hampton delights in her students,
 Those, working, studying, that she might attain new glory
 In scholastic fields;
 And those, working, practicing, on the gridiron, the diamond,
 The tennis court, the track—
 Working for new honor for Hampton!
 As the mother,
 Watching her child grow, day by day, from babyhood
 into childhood.
 First, it clung to her skirts, dependent upon her for every need,
 Then he went to school, proudly standing on his own feet,
 Eager to learn and thrilled with the novelty of it.
 As he advanced in school and entered high school,
 The proudness, which came when she heard "What a lovely
 son you have!"
 Increased and increased.
 Graduation followed and the venture into an untried world,
 Viewed through the rose-colored glasses of youth.
 The mother, anxious for her son finally rest content,
 Knowing that he will not fail her.
 So Hampton rejoices in her students,
 And instills in their hearts the spirit of learning for
 learning's sake.
 With pride in later years she points out her pupils,
 Who have gone in the different paths of life.
 She thinks no labor too great in order that the glorious result—
 A citizen, delighting in his citizenship—
 Might be accomplished!



Time: 4711 A. D.

Dr. Durantedison Continued

When the Dodo Taught in our High School,
Through the dim corridors there strayed
Monsters delightfully "animal",
Except for a human head.

One was an observant rabbit,
Of mathematical renown,
Whose fur was always water-waved,
And whose ears caught every sound.

Another was just the "doggiest"
Frock model that ever did deign
To stroll down Spanish Avenue,
With hat, stick, spats, and cane.

Here, see this amusing birdie?
He was known for his drawling squeak,
For his sandy-colored top-knot,
And the freckles on his beak.

Besides the hearth there nestled
A kitten with soft, snowy, fleece,
Comfortable, capable, happy,
The symbol of domestic peace.

Way up near the celing,
(Ten feet of mostly throat)
Towered a scientific giraffe
With a spotted gay sport-coat.

That completes the show, my angels,
You'll have sampled all the types
If you'll note the Latin Dinosaur,
And the zebra with French stripes.



IN HOC
VINCI





Ahmed's Dream Instrument

By MADELINE KARSTEN

Ahmed was the son of a wealthy Arab. His father, a stern Buddhist, was the owner of a large and prosperous caravan, and was in a way, a king. From earliest childhood Ahmed had been taught the Buddhist religion. He firmly believed that when he died, his soul would return to earth in another form. When he was only nine years old, he was thrown from his horse and hopelessly crippled. Hence, his life became filled with gloom. By the time he was fifteen he was a learned scholar and was as serious as a man twice his age. Two things made life bearable for him—his passion for the Ravanastron and his belief in his return to earth after death.

He loved music. He would sit by the hour playing on his Ravanastron. As the sweet notes soared high, he dreamed of an instrument that would make even sweeter music than his beloved Ravanastron. Instead of a single string, it would have four, or even five. It would be played with a bow like his instrument, but would make far sweeter music. The Ravanastron was the invention of Ravana, King of Ceylon, in 5000 B. C. Ahmed, his crippled body often racked with pain, would fill his father's palace with the soft, lingering notes of this instrument. He could almost make it talk. Sometimes it seemed to ripple with laughter. At others, it seemed to send up wails as if from a breaking heart. Ahmed lived for his music and as his end approached, he faced the greatest of mysteries—death, with a smiling face. He felt—he knew—that he would return sometime to earth and would find there his beloved dream instrument awaiting him.

Ahmed's soul gladly left the crippled form that encased it and flew into space. Centuries passed, and when nearly all hope was gone, it was summoned to earth.

Great were the changes that confronted him. The carefree desert life was no more. The harsh noises of the crowded cities beat upon his ears. He was hedged in by the mighty skyscrapers of New York City. Instead of the glorious childhood on the desert, he was reared amidst the filth of the slums. The great love of the beautiful and of music that had pervaded his soul in his past life was hidden under the lust and vice that surrounded him. He was taught the worst trades on earth. By the time he was ten years old, he was an accomplished pickpocket and was known all over East Side for his cleverness and prowess in this game. By the time he was eighteen, he was the leader of one of the worst gangs in the city. The police were always after him, but with the cunningness of an animal, he always got away. His father, a well known crook, was very proud of his son. He praised his worst deeds as if they were wonderful victories. He did his best to make a hardened criminal out of Ahmed, but somewhere in the boy's makeup, there still remained a shred of his old love of life, and he could not take another's life. He seemed to believe that everyone had the same right to life.

It was in celebration of Ahmed's twenty-first birthday, that one of the most daring robberies his gang had ever attempted, was planned. Ahmed was alive with the joy and excitement of the undertaking. Its very danger seemed to make it more pleasing to him. He was the leader, the one to do the most dangerous part; he was to be the one to get the glory. The plan was to enter one of the Fifth Avenue mansions, then having as guest, one of the wealthiest jewels collectors in the world, and while the people were in the drawing room, Ahmed was to go up to the jewel collector's room and carry away the best jewels. Everything worked out fine, and Ahmed had no trouble in opening the safe in the room.

Just as he had taken out a magnificent diamond of the first water, a man entered the room. Ahmed, like an animal held at bay, turned and was about to kill the man, when there came to his ears the sound of the most beautiful music in the world. He listened entranced. All of his hardness seemed to fall away. Out from under the covering of lust, came his old love of music. Was this not the music of which he had dreamed? The sweet notes of the



THE KRABBA

violin soared higher and higher. They seemed to plead with him—to beckon him on. Almost in a trance, he answered this imperious called, walking like one in a dream. He entered the drawing room, where one of the greatest violinist of the day was giving a concert. Up to the concert stage he walked, much to the amazement and horror of the house guests, but the violinist recognized on his face, his love of the music, and when he reached out his hands for the violin, the great artist gave it to him. He softly caressed it with his hands, and then began to play. All became still—never had the people heard such exquisite music. It rose and fell in perfect rhythm—first there was the rippling of the brooks, the fluttering of the leaves, the twittering of the birds—then heart-rending sobs. At last he ended with music so beautiful and touching that words cannot describe it. The people were too astounded to speak. The artist gazed spellbound upon this youth, who created music such as had never been heard before. His past forgotten, Ahmed had only eyes for this instrument of his dreams. His large, dark eyes spoke volumes. Here was his ideal instrument—the dream instrument of his past life. The simple, oriental, one-stringed instrument had been transformed into this magnificent instrument—a violin.

It is needless to say, that Ahmed, his low life forgotten, was hailed as the genius of the age. The music that had saved him from committing the greatest sin on earth, murder, became his sole interest in life. His music was unlike that of any composer, so rare, beautiful and heart-touching. Critics used this poem to describe his music:

(From "A Romance of Two Worlds," by M. Corelli.)

"I prayed my prayer. I wove into my song
Fervour, and joy, and mystery, and the bleak,
The wan despair that words could never speak.
I prayed as if my spirit did belong
To some old master who was wise and strong,
Because he lov'd and suffered, and was weak.

"I trilled the notes, and curb'd them to a sigh,
And when they falter'd most, I made them leap
Fierce from my bow, as from a summer sleep
A young she devil. I was fired thereby
To bolder efforts—and a muffled cry
Came from the strings as if a saint did weep.

"I changed the theme. I dallied with the bow
Just time enough to fit it to a mesh
Of merry tones, and drew it back afresh,
To talk of truth, and constancy, and woe,
And life, and love, and madness, and the glow
Of my own soul which burns into my flesh."



“The Krab-Factory Flapper”

By LUCY MOORE, '29

“The Krab-Factory Flapper is a tall, typical American girl. If you came to H. H. S. one day, you would see her roaming through the hall, chewing gum, (except when the teachers were looking) and often stopping to talk or flirt with some member of the opposite sex. We all think she has “It” and no doubt she has.

The “Flapper” hardly ever arrives until 9 o'clock and then tells Miss Hope that she missed the car. Miss Hope is so kind as to give her an invitation to a little party which lasts from 3:15 to 4:15. The “Flapper” doesn't seem very pleased, but Miss Hope does not mind a bit. She walks out of the office looking like she has eaten a very sour pickle, but just outside the door the latest “Flame” is waiting. Thus a complete alteration occurs. He expresses his sympathy, promises to write her a note, and then she walks on to her room very happy.

She saunters into the first class seven minutes late, sits down and powders her nose, says something to a boy friend, borrows a pencil, sharpens it, and is then ready to study. This is a very disagreeable task, however, and in a few minutes she is talking to her girl friend.

“Oh, you should have seen the fella I went out with last night! He is undoubtedly the dumbest mortal alive. He came into the room and said, ‘Hello! how are gitting along?’ Every other word he used was *git*. Did you ever hear of such? He sat on the edge of the chair, as if it was burning him and finally I said, ‘What's eating you anyway?’

“‘How did you know I had a bite?’ he asked.

“Well, that was the climax. I told him that I was sleepy and it was time for him to go home.

“Gee, I'm glad we have study hall this period,” the flapper said to her friend. “I guess I'll have time to write ‘Him’ a note now after I read this one. Well, I swear! I wish you'd look at this!”

H. H. S.
First Period.

Swcetheart:

Do you still love me like you used to? You are the apple of my eye. I would do anything for you; swim the Atlantic, go through fire and would face the most terrific storm or hurricane for your sake.

And, by the way, I will come over tonight if it does not rain too hard.

Always yours,
Harry.

Such are the days of our “Krab-Factory Flapper”.

HAMPTON HIGH

As I gaze fondly upon the walls
Of dear old Hampton High,
The thought of years all spent within
Make me heave a sigh.

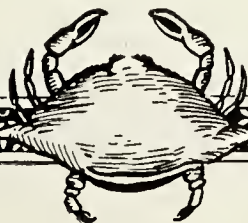
Of the teachers all so dear to me,
Dear old Hampton High,
Memories dear will hover near,
As darkness draws us nigh.

The “Krabbers” are so strong and brave,
Dear old Hampton High,
They go in the Game to sink or swim,
And on the truth rely.

Then the lassies cheer and cheer,
Dear old Hampton High,
For the boys so brave and true,
They make one glad reply.

Love makes memory eternal,
Dear old Hampton High,
So my thoughts will be of thee,
As the years slip by.

—EVELYN FRALEY, '29.



A Gravel Pile

THELMA COILE

Pink sones—glistening in their beauty,
 And proud that they bear their color;
 Imbued with an aristocracy which sets them apart
 from the rest—
 Green stones—hidden among the others,
 Like a shy maiden, gifted with many talents,
 But fearing to show them;
 Like the golden stamens of a wild rose,
 Hidden among the fragment petals curled
 up in the center,
 Unfurling in all their beauty to the one who persistently
 seeks them,
 Having faith in their presence—
 Black stones—importing an air of solemnity,
 Subduing the bright colored ones,
 Acting as a background, showing up
 The others in all their frivolity—
 And then the purple sones—traced
 In beautiful patterns like old lace,
 Shad'd delicately, as if a master hand designed them,
 Resting content that their beauty will be discovered—
 Last, but not least, the yellow stones—
 Yellow, shading into white,
 Yellow, shading into brown,
 All sizes, shapes, and descriptions;
 Glorying in their majority,
 Glorying in their fatness, in their roundness,
 In their sense of superiority;
 Lording it over the others,
 into the limelight,
 Pushing, shoving, like giants crushing the weaker one,
 Proclaiming aloud to the world:
 "Might overcomes weakness, let the strongest
 Survive!"—
 Yellow stones, fat, complacent yellow stones;
 Trying to impress the world with their greatness,
 But being pushed aside by those
 Who look for the proud pink stones,
 The sky green ones, the somber black ones.
 A gravel pile,
 Pink sones,
 Green stones,
 Black stones,
 And yellow stones,
 Stones in the colors of the rainbow,
 Lying supinely there—bunched together—
 As if they were waiting for the touch of a master
 To awaken them to life and energy.





Good Prospects for Basketball

Facing one of the hardest schedules in years, the high school basketball squad has gotten down to hard work in preparation for the coming tilts. With only one letter man returned, Captain Otis Johnson, Coach Cooke has a job on his hands to produce a winning team, but many of last year's squad and several newcomers are expected to produce the necessary talent. The season opens on January seventh with Poquoson as opponents and from then on there will be no let-up until the final curtains are rung down.

The girls' team has already begun their season, downing Poquoson 12-6 and is expecting to again capture the peninsula championship which they have held for the last three years.

Crabbers Close Season With 33-0 Defeat

Hampton High School closed their football season on November 12 when they went down to a 33-0 defeat before their ancient rivals, Newport News.

The game was much closer than the score would indicate due to the hard fighting and pluckiness of the Crabbers against their heavier and more experienced rivals, Newport. The Shipbuilders scored one touchdown in each of the first three quarters and two in the last. The Crabbers made their best showing in the third quarter when they made three first downs in rapid succession, but they were stopped before they could seriously threaten the goal.

For the Crabbers, the playing of Kelly and Johnson looked best on the defense while Walton was the only man able to gain through the Newport forward wall. Allmond and Pearson were responsible for most of Newport's gains while Chandler and Barnes were the big noises in the line.

William ("Spike") Kelly has been chosen to lead the Crabbers next season and great things are expected of him. This season ended the high school careers of Captain Tennis, Riggins, Braig, Riley, Johnson, Sansone, McIntyre, Daniels, Dederick, and Moreland.

The season's results:

Hampton	38	Morrisson	0
Hampton	25	Oceana	0
Hampton	0	Maury	6
Hampton	0	Benedictine	0
Hampton	0	South Norfolk	18
Hampton	0	Newport News	33
Hampton total		Opponent's total	
63		51	



THE KRABBA



MILLY TENNIS
Right End

Captain Tennis has played a nice game of ball all the year. His best game was against Benedictine. He was an able captain.

"Spike," although playing against a bigger man in the South Norfolk game, broke through the line and downed the runner many times. He has been chosen to lead the Crabbers next year.



WILLIAM KELLY
Center

"Vandy" has been a tower of strength in the line this season, and great things are expected of this boy next year. We'll be glad to have him back with the Crabbers.



JAMES VANDERSLICE
Right Tackle



ROSWELL BRAIG
Left Tackle

Braig has outplayed every man he has been up against this year. He always opens up holes for the backs to go through. He was a real star against Oceana as well as against Benedictine.



WISE RILEY
Right Tackle

Wyse has been used in both the line and backfield with good results. We're for you Wyse!

"Hank" has played a bang up game all year. He has the knack of getting down under punts and downing the man in his tracks. He's what you'd call a "Minute Man."



FRANK RIGGINS
Left End



THE KRABBA



TONY SANSONE
Left Guard

Tony is always in the game fighting his hardest for old Hampton High. Pluck and courage were made to describe Tony.

With a few yards needed for first down, Bill is always on hand to crash through the opposing line for three or four yards. He has the punch.



WILLIAM WALTON
Full Back

Otis played a mighty nice game against Newport. He was in almost every play in that game. We'll miss him next year.



OTIS JOHNSON
Right Guard



KENNETH DANIEL
Right Halfback

"Casey" is a triple threat man. He can pass, kick, and run the ball with great success. "Casey" played a nice game at all times.



BRUCE MCINTYRE
Quarter Back

Bruce made a beautiful run through the strong Commodore line for 25 yards. His headwork has been a great help to the Crabbers.

Harry made a wonderful run against Oceana when he intercepted a pass and ran seventy yards for a touchdown.



HARRY HESS
Half Back



THE KRABBA



Two of a kind



Some Views !!?!



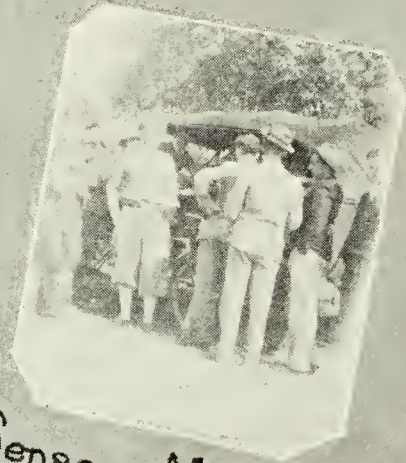
A sunny work-room



A Case



Up to the neck in —



Sense or Nonsense ?



Two Pairs or-???



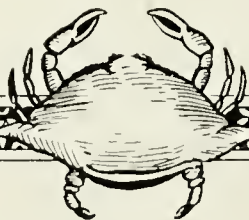
H.H.S. Rooters



FLiveretts



Our biggest "Hope"



News
Before
It
Happens

Price
5c a Grab
Grab
Early to
Avoid
Rush

The Merrimac

Vol. I.

HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL, HAMPTON, VA.

No. 2

REAL INDIANS VISIT THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The student body witnessed one of the most enjoyable programs of the season when four Indians of the Hopi tribe with their interpreter visited the school. This tribe is the only one in North America that has not yet combined the white man's customs with its own. Their native state is Arizona. Chief Ka-chov-te-wah told the students "Hello" in his own language. After this the four of them sang a song much to the delight of the students. These Indians, with several other members of their tribe, came to Hampton to put on a performance at the Scott's Theater.

Miss Pressy wanted to get into conversation with the charming "Fleet-foot" but having been told that they didn't know a word of English was registering her disappointment when he walked up to her and inquired, "Which way to the door, please?"

Life would be perfect if the dear young things wouldn't let the bloom of youth get higher on one cheek than on the other.

Jack Horseman: "Did you get much allowance Saturday night?"

Jack Morgan: "No! she only let me hold her hand!"

THELMA COILE WINS PRIZE FOR POEM

Miss Thelma Coile, one of the noteworthy Juniors, has achieved quite a success in the literary world. Her poem, "The Gravel Pile", which is published on page six, was chosen as the best poem submitted to the Boys' and Girls' page of the Washington Post for the month of November. This fact is interesting in that it was written about the gravel pile which laid for several weeks on our campus.

RUTH FINDLEY WINS TEN DOLLAR PRIZE

Miss Ruth Findley received first prize in the dressmaking contest of the Home Economics Department. Miss Miriam Barton was awarded second prize and Miss Doris Bohlken, third. Those receiving honorable mention were: Pauline Moore, Phyllis Tennis, and Bessie Weston. The prizes were given by Mr. Charles Rowe and were ten five and two and a half dollar gold pieces. The judges, Miss Bessie Booker, Miss Mary Hess, and Mrs. Thornton Jones, stated that all of the dresses were very well made and fashioned. The dress receiving first prize will be entered in the national contest conducted by the Butterick Fashion Company.

"Hiawatha" Modernized

By the shoes of euticura,
By the sparkling plants-water,
Lived the prophylactic chiclet,
Danderlion, fair Buick's daughter.
She was loved by Instant Postum,
Son of Sunkist and Victrola,
Heir apparent to the magola
Of the tribe of Coco-Cola,
Of the tribe of Coco-Cola.
Down the Sanlac strolled the lovers
Through the Shredded wheat they
wandered,
Through the Shredded wheat they
wandered.
The lovely little Wrigley chiclets
Were the fairy wards of Postum.
No Pyrene can quench the fire
Nor any aspirin still the heartache.
Oh, my Prestiline desire
Let us marry, little Djer Kiss.

A wedding is a funeral where you
smell your own flowers.

SEN. CLASS TO PRESENT "ULYSSES REVISED"

Only Members Senior Class

Every one has heard of Ulysses, the hero of Homer's great epic, the 'Odyssey.' He was one of the great chiefs at Troy who set forth for Ithaca, his home, after the war ended. When he reached home he found so many enemies that he put on the disguises of a beggar. Meanwhile, Penelope, his wife, had been besieged by many suitors and she finally adopted the plan of promising to marry the one who could use the bow of Ulysses. The weapon was so formidable that none could bend it. At length Ulysses, still disguised as a beggar, came forward, hit the mark, slayed the suitors, and was happily reunited to his queen.

All of this will be retold in the form of a play. It will not be in Greek role but up-to-date comedy, modern in all respects from a flapper goddess to a negro minstrel.

The play which was written by Wyse Riley, will be in two acts. In the first act Ulysses meets the goddess, Athena and his son, and they plan to murder the suitors. The second act is a banquet scene in which the contest takes place and Ulysses rejoins his wife.

It will be presented the latter part of January. The best talent in the senior class has been carefully selected. The proceeds will go to the cap-and-gown fund.

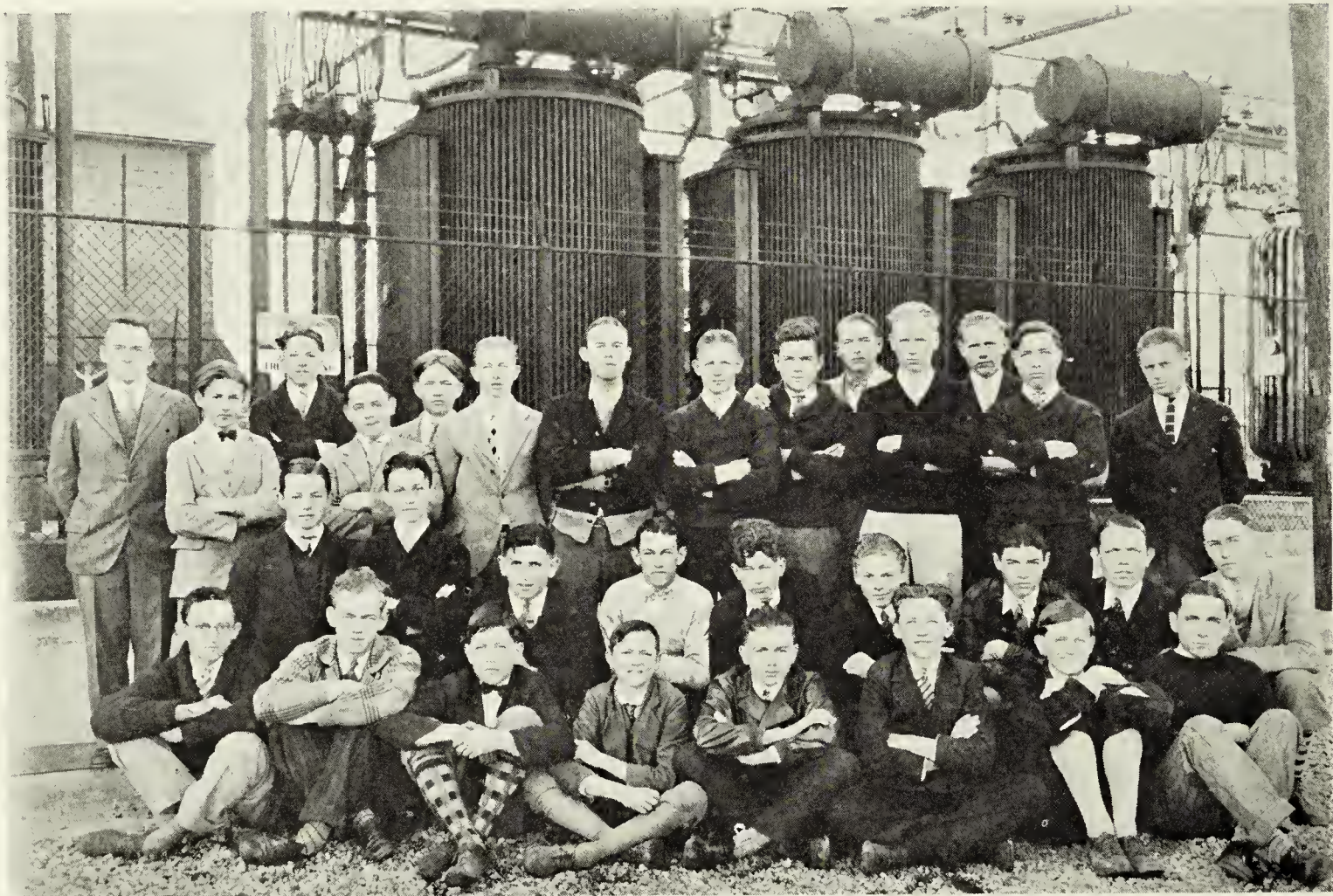
ATTEND GAMES

Among those from Hampton who attended the Hampton-Newport News football game in Newport News was the student body of the Hampton High School.



THE KRABBA

The Edison Electrical Society



OFFICERS

ELMER GARDNER, *President*

LEONARD ACKLER, *Treasurer*

HARRY GLODNEY, *Vice President*

CHARLES WARREN, *Secretary*

MR. L. W. MACHEN, *Faculty Advisor*

MEMBERS

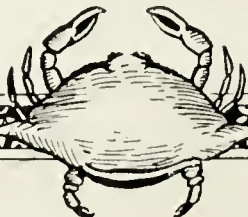
HARRY CARMINES
JOHN CLARK
CARROLL DECKER
ROYAL EDMONDS
CECIL FULLER
PAUL GANDY
JOHN ISHON

ASHBY JOHNSON
RUPERT JOHNSON
WOODROW JOHNSON
JAMES JONES
HAMILTON LAWSON
MILBURN TENMAN

ROSCOE LUTHER
CARL MOURING
REYNOLDS OWENS
ALTON QUINN
WILTON REED
EMMETT ROWE

MILTON ROWE
MACY SHARP
RALPH SMITH
NORWOOD TOPPING
LINWOOD WALLACE
LOUIS WESTPHALL
MARSHALL WILSON

The Edison Electrical Society was founded in the year, 1923, for the purpose of developing the minds of the Electrical Students along a vocational line. It was at first composed of only a few members, but it has steadily increased until it now has over thirty members. We sincerely hope that in the future it will continue to grow even more than it has in the past, and that some of the genius and ability that is possessed by the great man for whom it is named, may be incarnated into the minds of some of our number.





ART CLASS



MRS. W. FALES
SPONSOR



SECOND YEAR

WINNIFRED FALES CLUB



CARMINE
PRESIDENT



HUGHES
SECRETARY



BUCHANAN
TREASURER



MOORE
VICE - PRESIDENT



DRESS MAKING CONTEST



MISS CAMERON
ADVISER



FIRST YEAR



Better Books

"What type is he?" The first question one of the fair ones asks when a friend mentions a new arrival in town or school. Why not apply this question to the books we read?

A head is bent interestingly over some book, eyes fastened upon swift-moving words, and intermittent gasps of admiration and interest escape. The reader—a high school student—is completely absorbed—in what? "Trazan of the Apes" mostly likely! These same who swallow whole such a morsel will analyze critically the justice of some rule of evident value.

What is wrong with the student of today along literary lines? He reads without first selecting—Selection, with thought, will gradually grow into the law of natural selection, in reading, as in other things and this is a state greatly to be desired by old and young alike. Adopt as your slogan—"Better Books"—and be well read.

All That Glitters Is Not Gold

Pretense! Why, this too is a dominating factor in our universal life. These two things apply to people, our daily companions. It is human nature and we cannot help it. There are very few people who are in their homes as they are to the outside world. We do not mean to pretend, but we do not show our real selves as we are. We put on our best face to show to the world and then show our true nature to those who really love us best. We do not mean it, but still it's true.

I know a man who is most successful in his business. He is most kind to his customers, is most polite to his daily companions; but this man has no reasoning power at all. He tries to hold his temper in check until he gets home and then he gives vent to his feelings. People respect this man, they think he has a most lovable disposition, and, he has for them, but they do not know his real self. It is, however, a great accomplishment to hold your temper, but hold it tightly and don't let it get away.

Now then, we may reverse this proverb to the following order: "Gold isn't the only thing that glitters." I, myself, know this to be true, for my old Ford does not usually give me much trouble. An occasional flat tire is the extent of my worries. My old Ford is not gold but it glitters just the same. Then, too, gold is usually thought of as polished metal, clearly cut, and beautiful in appearance, but there are people in this world who are just rough cut, not polished, and not beautiful in appearance; but, they are made of pure gold. We don't have to glitter to be gold.

Initiative: What is It and Have You Got It?

If we look up the word "initiative" in a dictionary we find that it means: "power of commencing, a first step". In this life of ease and luxury most of us are prone to take the "easiest way" of doing things. Anything will suit as long as it does not inconvenience "No. 1". This is the wrong attitude toward life. The fellow who does not get out and hustle for himself never gets very far. You have read the famous "Horation Alger, Jr." books. I think their popularity with young boys is due to their narrating the ever fascinating story of a boy who starts in poverty, and gains success. Most of the boys envy the character because in the end he receives a large sum of money for doing a noble deed or else it is left to him by some kind, unknown uncle. Most of the boys grow up and forget the important part of these stories; that the boys, nine times out of ten, gain their wealth and position through work. They laugh and say: "They always get something in the end, but that sort of thing would never happen to me."

Someone has said: "All things come to him who waits." It would be more exactly truthful, I think, if it read: "All things come to him who waits and works." If anything is worth possessing, it is worth working for. Those who wait with outstretched hands never receive much. It's those who work who receive the best rewards.

If you go drifting by, lazily, unconcernedly, you will not get far. You may say that it's hard to do this or that, you've never done it before, and so on. But, if you make the first step, take the initiative, the going will not be hard. "A good beginning is half the battle won." You must shake your inner self out of the lethargy and make the first step!

There are plenty of instances for initiative at Hampton High. For instance, there is the "Glee Club," "The Krabba," and the literary societies. All of these offer opportunity for development of ideas or talents. You never know what you have in you until you test yourself. The glee club, the Krabba, the literary societies, are all calling for helpers. Come on! Let's get out there and do our bit! If you haven't done anything before, now's a good time to start! The reward is greater in the end than the indolent pleasure derived by "following the crowd" or staying in the same, old rut. So let's get out of the rut; take the first step and the rest is easier! You will be helping some one else and bettering yourself.



JOKES

HOW TO PREVENT CHEATING

1. Students will march to class under guard of Hampton's police equipped with sawed off shotguns.
2. Will be stopped at doorway and searched for contraband notes, etc.
3. Before entering classroom each student will be submitted to psychological examination to determine whether or not he has any idea of cheating.
4. Classrooms will be decorated with such notes as "Honesty Has Its Reward" and "Think Before You Cheat."
5. Each student must wear blinders and place a handkerchief in his mouth.
6. Students and professors will enter together and the doors will be locked and sealed.
7. Students will sit two seats apart with professors standing between each two students. Professors will be armed with blackjacks to inspire respect.
8. Additional professors on the outside will watch through peepholes in the wall.
9. Highly tuned dictaphones will be concealed behind the pictures to catch the slightest whisper.
10. When the student has finished his examination, a lie detector will be used to find out whether or not he has cheated.
11. In marking the papers, professors will discount ten points from each paper on the possibility that the student has cheated.



Our Favorite Teacher

Theophilus was sent to college.

At the end of the first month his father sent him a letter. Boiled down, it said, "What have you learned at college so far?"

Theophilus wrote back, "Nothing."

Once more Theophilus received a letter. "You must have learned something by now."

Theophilus sent back a special delivery:

"My Father:

"Only this: Blondes are tractable. Brunettes can be persuaded. But redheads do your thinking for you.

Your dear son,
Theophilus."

Sex appeal is green, or preferably green with a yellow back. It has the official seal of the United States engraved on it.

Johnny goes up to him and says, "Have you corrected our exam papers yet, Prof?" And the old boy smiles at Johnny and says, "No, but I have them here now. I'll correct them one by one and as yours is finished you may come up and get it and pass out."

Willie was walking home from school looking very dejected. The kind old lady stopped him.

"Whats the matter with my little man?"

"Dyspepsia and rheumatism," answered Willic sadly.

"Why that is absurd," said the old lady, "how could that be?"

"Teacher kept me in 'cause I couldn't spell 'em."

Little Gordon was playing bandit and for some time time had been staggering around as if badly wounded. A neighbor called out, "Hey Gordon, its time to die, why don't you fall down?"

"I can't," was the cross answer, "I'm not allowed to. If I'd had on my old pants, I'd been dead long ago."

Mr. Elliott: "First, I will take hydrogen, —then chloroform."

Sleepy voice from rear: "That's a good idea."

Miss Pressey: "Have you pajamas?"

Miss Hess: "No, the doctor says I have tuberculosis."

"Marie is a pleasant girl, but that line of hers gets awful tiresome."

"Yes, I do think that she ought to change the banana oil every five hundred smiles."

She was only a policeman's daughter but she knew her night clubs.

"Milly" Tennis—"Do you think you could learn to love me?"

Sarah—"Oh yes, I grasp things quickly."

K. Ryan—"Count yourself again big boy, you aren't so many."

P. Graham—"Stick a thermometer in your mouth, baby, you aren't so hot."



THE KRABBA

Small brother has his kiddie ear, while big brother
with the roadster, has his kidding ear.

She (descending slippery steps): "It'll be just my
luck to slip on the last step and break my neck."

He (observing loving couples on porch): "That's all
right there is plenty of spare neek about."

I think that I shall never live
To see the really perfect fliv.

A fliv designed to satisfy
The most exacting critie's eye.

A fliv with power, pep, and speed,
For these things are a flivver's need.

A fliv unlike in every way
The awful flivvers of today.

Flivs are made by Ford, I know,
But only God can make them go!

This man was killed by a Boston bull.
His name is Sammy Paint.
The Boston dog was justified,
Because poor Sam said "Ain't."

If you love me, act the part!

Billy Cummings: "Yes, papa, I'm a high school
graduate now. Watch me go out and set this old
world on fire."

His Dad: "I suppose you expect me to give you the
matchies."

It has been reported that Jim Barrymore's double
is enrolled as a pupil in the Senior class of Hampton
High School and bids fair to outdo his famous rival.

Where is the little girl I can't forget?
Where is the little girl I've never met?
I've sought her everywhere,
Where can she be?
I can't forget the girl I've never met."

"The trouble with the motorist is that he doesn't
give a damn for the pedestrian."

"Well, after he's hit him, the pedestrian usually isn't
worth a damn."

"Gather your kisses while you may
Time brings only sorrow
For girls who are so free today
Are chaperons to-morrow."

Teacher: "What does underwear mean?"
Pupil: "It's the last thing you take off at night."

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-neeking, sir," she said.

Mr. Henderson: "What a lot of girls there are who
don't get married."

Miss Bland: "How do you know?"

Mr. Henderson: "I've asked them."

"I was struck by the beauty of her hand.
I tried to kiss her.

As I say,

I was struck by the beauty of her hand."

"Our colored maid goes swimming, her night off."

"Why at night?"

"She hasn't a bathing suit."

Wallace: "My idea of a good job is assisting a florist
pick the flowers of a century plant."

"An Annual is a great invention;

The school gets all the fame,

The printer gets all the money,

THE STAFF GETS ALL THE BLAME."

"Can you dance?"

"No, but I can hold 'em while they dance."

"I call my girl 'Spearmint'."

"Why, is she Wrigley?"

"No, but she's always after meals."

Senior: "How's everything?"

Freshman: "I don't know everything. I'm not a
senior."

"See the woman with the dirty face, daddy?"

"Why, son, her face is not dirty, she's all over that
way."

"Gee, paw, you know everything."

Miss Wilson: "When did the revival of learning
begin?"

Joe Smith: "Just before exams."

Girls with negative personalities may be developed
in dark rooms.

"Tis hard to part with those we love
When our hearts are full of hope,
But 'tis harder still to find the towel
When our eyes are full of soap."

Paul Wood (at Gardeners): "Give me an asylum
Hershey Bar."

Clerk: "What kind is that?"

Paul: "One full of nuts."

"Love me?"

"No!"

"Then sit on your own lap!"

Bachelor: "I could kiss your wife to death."

Her husband: "I wish you would!"

Give a fool enough rope and he will either hang
himself or smoke it.



A Prophecy

By THELMA COILE—'29

Sleep—like a veil drew 'round me
 But this veil parted before my eyes
 And lo! I saw—dim, at first, but gradually the picture brightened—
 A young lad (whose name was Hampton High)
 Standing midst his fellow playmates—
 One of them, and yet apart—
 Always striving for the highest, the finest, the best
 And not content with petty glories.
 I watched him, studying, working, playing, growing,
 Keeping his ideal ever before him as a reminder of his goal.
 Showing his determination never to lose sight of what
 He was striving for.
 Little things tempted him—
 Vanity oft drew near, insidiously whispering
 Unasked advice, trying to tempt Hampton from his path
 "Tell them of your prowess, of your excelling—
 No one notices, show them a thing or two—"
 Greed clung to him, pleading, excusing, "It doesn't hurt
 To brag a bit—just a little bit"—
 Trying and testing him so that, in his manhood
 He might be the strongest of the strong.
 He was sheltered and helped, then,
 But the time would come when he must launch out
 For himself.
 So the period of testing went on and day by day
 He grew stronger.
 Then the time came—that time oft longed for
 In the period of working and waiting—
 It came and found not Hampton unprepared.
 Well started on his venture he gloried in this new freedom
 Which opened for him a field—fraught with perils—
 Waiting for the one who should conquer it
 The picture faded—once more the veil
 Hid from my eyes the prophecies behind—
 But now I knew there should come in time
 Greater fields for Hampton High to conquer
 Than ever before!



A School Office is a Public Trust

We are taking a big step—that of student government. On our student council there will be offices—public offices—which will be filled by the students. These offices are public trusts and should be regarded as such.

When a man is given a place in the affairs, his trustworthiness, his integrity, his character are judged by the way he holds that office. An office in government, whether it be large or small, entails with it certain responsibilities which must be carried out. The man who fails to do this, loses the backing of the people, so in our school affairs those who hold the offices will be judged by the student body, and if they are “found wanting” the students will cease to believe in the worth of student government unless the other members are trustworthy enough to restore their faith.

So in a large part, the success or failure of this new plan lies in the backing of the students. The students will not back a council in whose members they have no faith. In the end it all comes back to the individuals who hold these “public trusts”.

And remember—each student is a committee of one appointed by our high school to back and boost this plan of student government to the best of his ability and to help elect those students for the offices who will realize the responsibilities and try to carry out their duties in the way which will most benefit our high school.

Teachers Are Human Beings

Yes, teachers are human beings, but sometimes we find it hard to believe! When we already have a composition for English, a quiz in Chemistry, a vocabulary for French, examples for Geometry, and then go into a class and are greeted by the following salutation, “Test tomorrow,” well, we wonder if our teachers are really human. Then, there is an extremely important movie at Scott’s and we just simply must see it, for if we don’t, our last chance will be lost. We are sitting at our desk apparently studying, but when the teacher, after demanding quiet, turns her back, we cautiously whisper to the person next to us.

“Report to tardy room at 3:15,” comes the voice from the front. Well, we are astounded. “How on earth did she know I was talking? No ordinary human being could have known.” Our hopes flutter to the ground, for we won’t see any movie this afternoon.

However, this human being question may be discussed in exactly the opposite light. The teachers may ask, “Are the pupils human beings?” The day after a general test day or book-report day, the teacher walks in the classroom and is greeted thus, “Have you corrected our papers?”

“No,” comes the answer.

The pupils look at each other and sigh, for it seems as though she might have corrected them when she knows that we want to know what we made. Suppose the teacher teaches about three hundred pupils a day. Do you think that the pupils are reasonable? Then, too, no matter what we ask the teacher, she is supposed to know because she is a teacher. We consider ourselves human beings and we don’t know or remember many things, so the fact that the teachers often don’t know the many questions we ask them proves that they are human beings.

Do they not have friends and pals just as we do? Do they not vie with us just as our friends do?

Teachers are preachers, friends, nurses, teachers, and advisers.

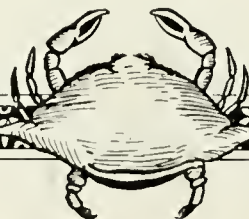
“We look on them with admiration
And should work up to their expectation
Our Teachers!”

Keeping Those After-Exam Resolutions

“You bet! I’ll study more all the term so I won’t have to do any cramming in June. I’m through loafing.” This is often heard about this time of the year, and though these “Resolutions” are made in good faith, and kept for two or three weeks, we seldom hear of anyone keeping them until the end of the term.

Always, after passing through the nerve-ruining time of Examinations, we all resolve to “Study more!” After several days of this studying, we see that the teacher doesn’t call on us any more than when we do not study. Gradually we stop studying, and then the first month, the second, third, and at last, the fourth month has gone by, too soon for us to realize that “Exams” stare us in the face again. Why didn’t we study more, and why must we now “cram” until our brains are so mixed with wars, verbs and poetry that we say—too late—“Never again.”

Will Power—the determination to succeed—to try, try again—is what we need, and although it may seem difficult at first, let’s all try at the beginning of this new term, and study more so we will not need to “cram” when our next “Exams” come around.—SIDONIE TAUTE.





All's Well That Ends Well

By LUCY MOORE—'29

When Jane and Beth reached school, they found a gang of boys and girls giggling and whispering in the gym balcony.

"What's the joke?" cried Jane as they went in.

"Hello," cried Harry, "just wait until you hear the joke. It's the greatest sell ever."

"Tell us," begged Beth. "Oh! I hope it's a good one."

"Well, you know Miss Hayden, the Geometry teacher, is so cross and horried to us, we're going to pay her back. Gee we have the grandest scheme! We all want to go to the show this afternoon, and we are afraid she will keep us in, as usual. She doesn't look very well today, so as we get a chance we are going to tell her that she looks ill. Maybe she'll believe it and hurry home after school."

"Gee! That's a grand scheme," declared Jane, "she's an old fuss, anyway. The other day she blew me up because I didn't put each of my examples on a separate sheet of paper."

"There goes the bell," cried Beth. "This is the first day I ever was glad for it to ring. I wonder what Miss Hayden will do."

Soon after, they all went to Geometry class. Miss Hayden called on Harry to go to the board. When he passed the teacher's desk, he paused a moment and whispered, "Why, Miss Hayden, don't you feel well? You look awfully queer!"

Next she called on Beth. She went toward the board, but on the way, she stopped in front of the teacher and looked at her. Then with an anxious look on her face, she whispered, "If you're not feeling well, Miss Hayden, why don't you go to the rest room for a while?"

"I'm perfectly well, child, what's the matter with you?"

"You don't look so," said Beth, shaking her head, and looking back at her victim, as she moved slowly to the board.

Several others did likewise and the rest merely looked at her.

Jane had not noticed much of this, for she was trying to hurry and do the last example before she was called on. When she arose from her seat she was surprised to see how alarmed Miss Hayden looked. Indeed the poor lady was upset over the observations made by her pupils. So Jane, who had forgotten the joke, said, most honestly, "Why, what is the matter, Miss Hayden? You look awfully ill!"

To Miss Hayden this was the last straw.

"I am ill," she cried out, "very ill. Help me, Jane, to the rest room. I think I had better go home."

Then it dawned upon Jane that this was the result of the boys' joke.

"What kind of pain do you feel, Miss Hayden?" she asked.

"I have no definite pain, but I feel queer all over," was the reply. The principal was called and Miss Hayden was taken home. The next day Jane and Beth went to see her. When they got there, Miss Hayden looked very untidy. Her hair had fallen down and her room needed straightening up.

After greeting her Jane, asked, "Dear Miss Hayden, mayn't I comb your hair for you, while Beth fixes the room?"

"Yes dear, if you desire to, but don't bother yourself about me." Jane combed her hair, which was really wavy when not pulled back so tight. Beth called up the florist and had some roses sent up and by the time the doctor came Miss Hayden looked really pretty. The doctor examined her and found nothing wrong, but he said that he would come back next day.

A week passed and Miss Hayden came back to school, but Doctor Smith still went to Miss Hayden's every afternoon. This was nothing, however, compared to the miracle that happened at school. Miss Hayden was never cross and never kept anyone in after school. She started dressing up and having her hair curled and—would you believe it?—she started taking dancing lessons?



The first period Geometry class was surprised beyond comparison. What on earth had happened? One afternoon they decided to stay after school and talk it over.

"Doesn't it beat all!" exclaimed Jane. "I don't know what in the world changed her so suddenly."

"Oh, I know!" cried Beth, "I just thought of the solution. I'll bet she has a beau and I know just who he is!"

"Oh! So that's why Doctor Smith goes to her home now."

"Gee! This is grand! Wonder who'll be the best man!"

At last June came. School would soon be over, but still more important Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hayden announced the marriage of their daughter to Dr. Smith.

The day this was announced, the first period Geometry class was all excitement. "I think we should be given a vote of thanks," declared Beth, "for we helped Dan Cupid to bring them together."

"CLAIRE AMBLER" by BOOTH TARKINGTON

"Claire Ambler" is simply the feminine version of "Seventeen." Just as "Seventeen" shows the modern youth of that age, "Claire Ambler" depicts the modern girl or "flapper". Those who are acquainted with "Seventeen" know it to be, under its cloak of frivolity, a true account of the emotions which the love-sick youth of that embryo age undergoes. The question which the reader of "Claire Ambler" has to decide is whether Booth Tarkington has registered the emotions of the girl as truly.

The older women are silent, refusing to render a verdict; the men, both young and old, protest indignantly that it is not fair to the modern girl—BUT THE MODERN GIRL HERSELF ADMITS IT'S TRUTH!

Claire Ambler represents a type. You see her everywhere you go. Unless you are masculine and young, you probably define her as "just another of those flappers". She is between the age of seventeen and twenty-five, slender and piquant. Her hair is cut short upon the back of her head and waved in front. Her dress is short, her legs give the impression of nudity but are in reality covered by thin silk stockings, almost the color of her skin. Her feet are encased in dainty pumps, with three-inch heels. She is inconsistent enough to seem desirous of more protection. From time to time she mechanically pulls at her skirt to bring it down over her exposed knees—an obvious absurdity. In all probability this gesture is an inherited one, an ancestral memory, another of nature's incongruities. In her hand she airily waves a cigarette as she talks incessantly.

We find Claire Ambler first seated in the midst of a group of young people in a fashionable summer resort. Her arrival took place three days before and since that time her only thought had been that of securing a "rush" from the young people of the place. At the present moment she is very successfully winning the son of the household, Nelson.

Nelson had met her on the day of her arrival. Both had at first been formal, not calling each other by their first name until their acquaintance was well along toward half an hour old. On the morning of the third day he was sure he had fallen in love at sight and now that it was afternoon and he had been for hours aware of his passion, he saw only wonders before him with no imperfections anywhere.

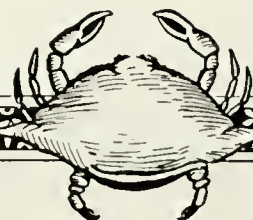
In this he bore some resemblance to Claire herself, for she saw no imperfections in herself. Yet no one thought her conceited; she often spoke of her faults, though without naming them. On the other hand, she saw no definite perfections in herself; in fact, she had no thought one way or the other. It may truly be said that she did not think about herself—or for that matter of other people nor about anything. She had feelings that she believed to be thoughts; impulses which she believed to be thoughts. Her mind was full of shifting and flying pictures which she believed to be thoughts; it was also full of echoes of what she had heard and read and she believed these to be thoughts original with her.

But in reality Claire had reached the age of seventeen without thinking. Her life had run smoothly along. She had been well-cared for. In fact she had been so well-cared for that she had never felt the need of thinking.

She knew what she did, but not why she did it; though she was ready with reasons. Thus at sixteen she had bobbed her hair and she became angry when her mother protested. Her hair was off, Claire said, because it was sensible to rid herself of such a burden. And she really believed it! She never thought that she did this just because other girls were doing it and it was the thing to do.

The only real feelings to Claire were her own; people existed only as they affected her; the world existed merely as a background for her.

Thus she now did not consider what Nelson's feelings might mean to him. She only thought of what use they would be to her at the dance that night. She meant to use his admiration to gain that of the others.



THE KRABBA

In this Claire reasoned aright. She was the most popular girl at the dance and found herself, at its close, dated up for the following weeks. Among the invitations which she accepted was an offer to go for a ride next morning in the motor boat of one of the boys. Nelson hears of this and is infuriated. To show his indifference, he does a very foolish thing. He goes outside the harbor in his sister's canoe, a frail bark meant only for harbor use. Claire and Platter overtake him and urge him to return to the harbor. This, however, only spurs him on. Angry at his remarks, they leave him and continue their ride.

Soon after they leave, the canoe overturns and Nelson is thrown into the water but is rescued by a fishing boat which recovers the canoe and one paddle. The other paddle and a cushion are left floating in the water. Claire and Platter returning find these articles and naturally conclude that Nelson has been drowned. Tearfully Claire returns to the harbor—not sorry for Nelson nor his family but sorry for herself. Her summer is spoiled. People will blame her for not making him go back.

Returning to the harbor, the grief-stricken Claire finds Nelson safe. For a moment, seeing her tears, Nelson is tempted to forgive the happenings of the previous night, but her excited words soon bring down his wrath upon her again.

"Nelson! Oh, thank heaven! Thank heaven, you're safe! We thought you were drowned and everybody'd 'a' said I was to blame, I know they would!"

The revelation was complete and so was Nelson's disillusionment.

"So that's all you were thinking about! It didn't matter a darn thing about my getting drowned and my mother and father and a few things like that!" He used a terrible word. His great-grandfather, under similar circumstances might have caused a lady to faint by addressing to her the epithet, "heartless coquette". Nelson's generation has less care of its English. "Leggo my hands," he said, "you Prom-trotter!"

Cheeks burning and eyes fiery, Claire turned away. Tears stung her eyelids. She clenched her small hands and bit her lower lip to keep back the tears. Hatred filled her. "I wish he had been drowned!—"

Then a strange thing happened to her. She seemed to see Nelson in the water and his scornful eyes looking at her with all the bitterness that had been in them when he insulted her. Suddenly, not knowing how it happened, she realized that Nelson was a person like herself, full of himself.

She was dazed, bewildered. He had been right after all. What had happened to her seemed tragic while it should have filled her with delight for this marked the beginning of thought. Out of her rage and pain, intelligence was being born.

For the first time in her life she had just had a thought!

Next we find Claire in an ancient Mediterranean town on a cliff halfway between earth and sky. Here many strange things happen to her. She again plays with the feelings of the men about her and again is hurt by the contact. Unknowingly she increases the hatred that already existed between the young Prince Raona and the natives thus endangering his life. Claire is again an unthinking child, playing with fire. The tragedy of it all is that someone else is usually burned by her heedless play.

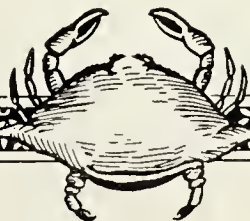
The bigness and fidelity of Claire's finer nature is also brought out at this Italian town for Claire falls in love. She loves an Englishman who is dying as the results of injuries received in the World War. He knows he must die, and very soon. He has become resigned to his fate when he meets Claire. She intrigues him. At first he only studies her but soon he realizes that he is beginning to love her. His sister who takes care of him sees what a tragedy would result if they should confess their love to one another. He could never be resigned to die if he once realized Claire's love, if he realized what might have been.

Faced with the facts, Claire puts on a smiling mask of frivolity and bids him farewell as though he were a mere acquaintance. She deliberately throws away with a studied carelessness that which she valued above all—the chance to be near and serve him. It is the biggest sacrifice that she has ever been called on to make but she is game, knowing that it is for the best. When weighed in the balance, Claire was not found wanting.

Thus we see two sides of Claire Ambler, the modern girl. One side which is light and frivolous, thoughtless and heedless. The other side which is fine, noble, unselfish, and true.

Three years later we find Claire at the altar. At her wedding we again see the warring natures. The one side posing for the best effect, fishing for the admiration of those present; the other side re-assuring the stage-frightened groom with a firm grip of the hand and a friendly smile. Once more Claire Ambler forgets self in the thought of another.

Though thoughtless and gay and seemingly heartless, the modern girl, when the crisis arrives, rises to meet it with a courage and resourcefulness as great as that of the girls of any by-gone age.



Memories

KATHERINE SPRATLEY

In a corner of my garden
In a shady, sheltered nook,
I sat alone one evening
To read my memory book.

The flowers blooming all around
Brought back again to me—
The happy hours they recalled
From my book of memory

Sweet hours I'd spent with loved ones,
Sweet deeds that were done for me;
Sweet thoughts some one had spoken
Filled my book of memory.

As softly I turned the pages,
Lingering over each one,
A chill stole o'er the garden,
A shadow o'er the sun—

Kind words I could have spoken,
Sweet deeds I might have done,
Memories of lost opportunities
Ah! How they hurt. Each one!

I would not trade my garden memories
For a kingdom with all its gold;
But to change those darkened pages
I would give up wealth untold!

A Choice

ARCHIE STUTT

Say! What is life?
Ah, life's a joke;
Sometimes you're flush—
Sometimes you're broke.

One day you're a begger,
Next day you're a king;
The world is a toy—
Just a man's plaything.

Some play with it gently,
Others play with it rough;
Some break the toy they love—
The material's not very tough.

But remember life's what we make it,
And although it's a toy:
If we love it and share it and help others bear it—
We'll make it a joy.



THE KRABBA

Daphne

HILDEGARDE FLANNER—(From "*Poetry of Today*")

They told her she had hair the color
Of a nightingale.
They told her that her eyes were candles
Lit beneath a veil.

They praised her feet like narrow doves
Mated on the floor,
Saying there were never feet
Like her feet before.

They praised her shining voice that rang
Like stars dropped in a glass.
"Sing to thy little shell!"
And so the night would pass.

But when they came too near to her
And touched her with the hand,
She drew her hair across her eyes.
She could not understand.

And when they said a thing to her
That she had never heard,
Her heart plunged into silence there
Like a hunted bird.

She caught her violet mantle close,
The Tyrian upon the white.
She quivered like a little twig.
She stepped into the night.

They called her name within the dark,
They searched beneath the sun,
But there was not a broken flower
To show where she had run.

Everything was very still,
Far too still, they said.
So they turned and went away
Unaccompanied.

Nothing moved where they had sought,
Nothing sang or wept.
Beneath the tree that had no name,
Silence turned and slept.

Daffy

RICHARD STIRNL—'28 PAUL GRAHAM—'28

They told him he had hair the color
Of a polar bear.
They told him that his eyes were lamps
Lit in an awful glare.

They praised his tremendous feet like hogs
Lying in a pen,
Saying there would never be dogs
Like his dogs again.

They praised his bellowing voice that rang
Like fog horns, roaring low.
"Sing in your padded cell!"
And so the night would go.

But when they came too near to him
And gave him a mighty slap,
He began to laugh and moan
Like a crazy sap.

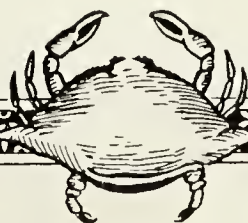
And when they said a thing to him
That he had never known,
He banged his head against the wall
Until he broke the bone.

He drew his ragged mackinaw near,
The red upon the yellow
He said he wanted a little beer.
He stepped into the cellar.

They called his name out in the dark,
They searched where the beer had foamed,
But there was not a broken bottle
To show where he had roamed.

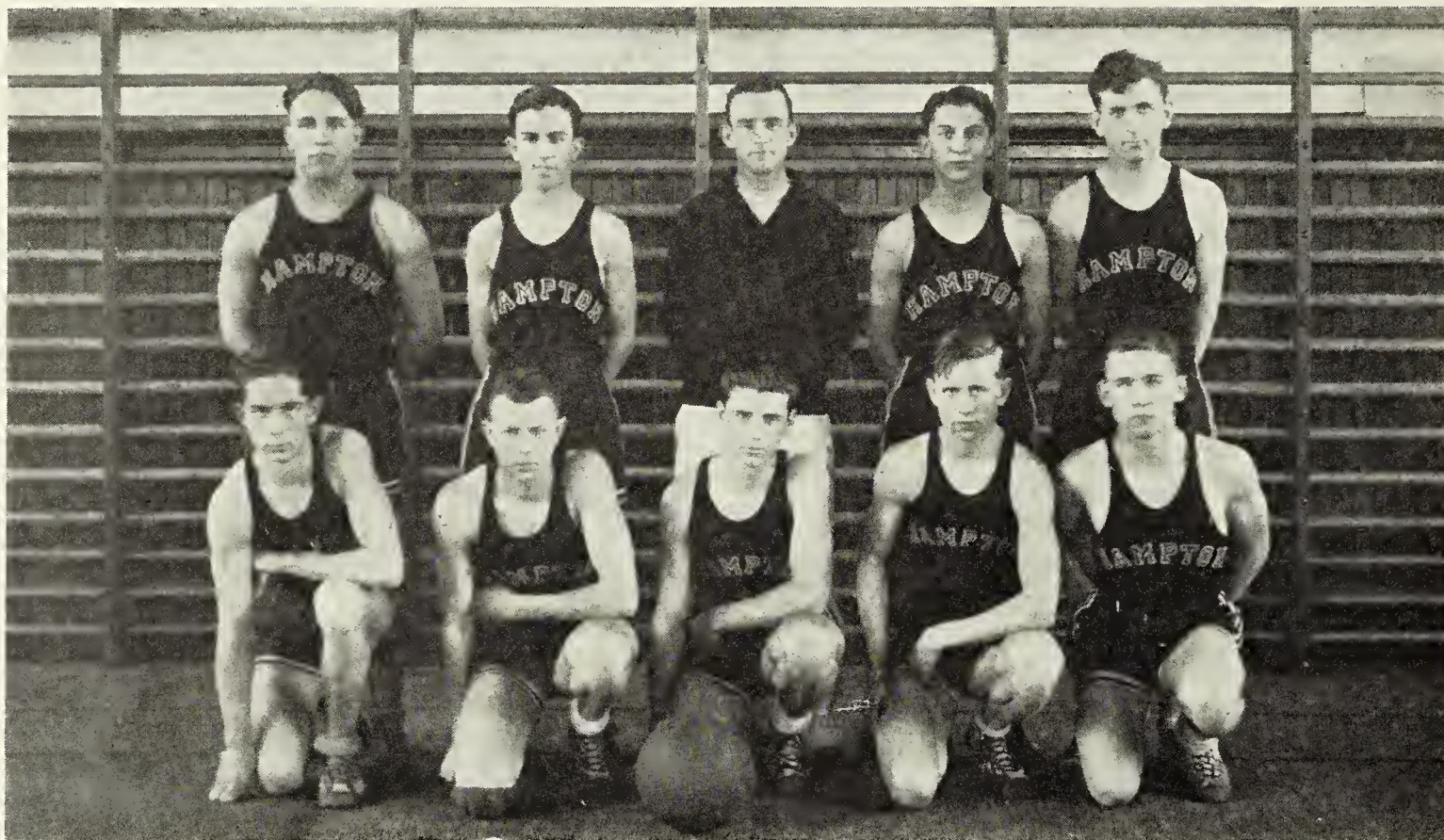
Everywhere there was a still,
Far too big, they said,
And so they turned and staggered away
So very light in the head.

No one moved without a shout,
Everyone wanted to yell.
Beneath a still without a spout,
Someone stumbled and fell.



THE KRABBA

Boys' Basketball Squad



THE SQUAD

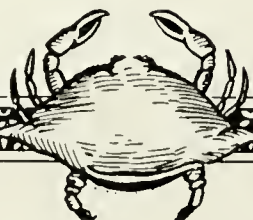
McIntyre, Hess, Morris forwards
 Steffey, Schofield, Condon centers
 Johnson, Kelly, Glodney, Walton guards

Coach "Tac" Cooke
 Captain Otis Johnson
 Manager Jack Fosque

THE SEASON'S RESULTS

Hampton	27
Hampton	23
Hampton	37
Hampton	40
Hampton	28
Hampton	25
Hampton	22
Hampton	35
Hampton	12
Hampton	27
Hampton	18
Hampton	27
Total	321

Poquoson	15
Ocenana	16
58th Squadron	21
Kempsville	13
Hopewell	32
Newport News	32
Woodrow Wilson	30
W. & M. Freshmen	32
W. & M. Freshmen	32
Newport News	55
Woodrow Wilson	58
St. Mary	17
Total	353



THE KRABBA

Girls' Basketball Squad



THE SQUAD

Mildred Dressler	forward	Virginia Carmines	forward
Kathryn Cunningham	forward	Betty McWatt	forward
Doris Forrest	guard	Nannie Lee Peake	side center
Boydie Hope (Captain)	guard	Ida Haywood	guard
Juanita Williams	center	Blanche McWatt	jumping center
Mary Lee	side center	Coch	Miss Elva Cunningham
Helen Mountford	guard	Manager	Miss Catherine Hathaway

THE SEASON'S RESULTS

Hampton	10	Poquoson	6
Hampton	21	St. George	10
Hampton	11	Oceana	17
Hampton	14	Kempsville	31
Hampton	13	V. A. A.	10
Hampton	33	St. Marys	5
Hampton	22	Hamocas	17
Hampton	31	Oceana	41
Hampton	29	W. N. Y. W. C. A.	2
Hampton	26	Hopewell	15
Hampton	12	Petersburg	33
Hampton	18	V. A. A.	20
Hampton	33	St. Mary's	3
Total	272	Total	210



Glee Club



OFFICERS

SARAH FACE, *President*

BONNIE WILLIAMS, *Vice President*
NANNIE LEE PEAKE, *Treasurer*

VICTORIA ROLLINS, *Secretary*

MEMBERS

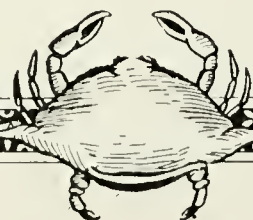
BONNIE WILLIAMS
JOHN ADAMS
EVELYN GARDNER
MARIE DAVIS
ESMA SHIELD
EDWARD McALLISTER
VIRGINIA BRINSON

ELSIE EVANS
CARY PATRICK
ROSSER TAYLOR
JAMES TURNER
OLIVE DANIEL
SARAH FACE
ADOIS WATSON

AMELIA PARKER
MARY McEAY
MARGARET McALLISTER
RUTH PROUDMAN
ABERTHENE HICKS
MYRTLE WOOD
NANNIE LEE PEAKE

EVELYN HUGHES
RACHIEL McDANIEL
HUGH ADAMS
EDNA BUCHANNAN
ELIZABETH WALKER
PAUL WOOD

The purpose of the Glee Club is to promote culture in and among the high school students and to present at least one musical feature a year. A Spanish musical comedy called "The Toreadores" was presented before a large audience on Friday, December 9 in the high school auditorium. It was a great success and will probably be given over sometime in March, for the benefit of the High School Patrons' League.



THE KRABBA

D. D. K. Club



OFFICERS

SARAH FACE, *President*

BOYDIE HOPE, *Vice President*

MABEL EUBANK, *Secretary and Treasurer*

CHARLOTTE WILSON, *Faculty Advisor*

VIRGINIA AMOS, *Honorary Member*

Flower—Pansy.

Colors—Purple and gold.

Motto—"D— D— K—."

MEMBERS

MABEL EUBANK

BOYDIE HOPE

VIRGINIA LEE

ELIZABETH PLEASANTS

SARAH FACE

ENA LEE JONES

MARY ANN MALLISON

KATHERINE SPRATLEY

JUNE GANNAWAY

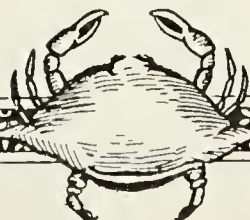
ELIZABETH LEE

NANNIE LEE PEAKE

CHARLOTTE WILSON

The D. D. K. Club was organized in '25. Its charter members were Elizabeth Peake, Mary Beaseley, Ann Guy, Virginia Lee, Sarah Face, Virginia Curtis, Elizabeth Miller, Elizabeth Huston and Rose Hogge. It is now composed of eleven girls and a faculty advisor elected by unanimous vote of former members at the beginning of the school year.

It is a social club and besides having sponsored many former dances is planning to give a series of dances this spring.



Student Council



OFFICERS

PAUL GRAHAM, *President*

ANNE SPRATLEY, *Treasurer*

OTIS JOHNSON, *Vice President*

VICTORIA ROLLINS, *Secretary*
MR. COOKE, *Faculty Advisor*

SENIOR CLASS

JACK FOSQUE
WILLIAM CLARK
VICTORIA ROLLINS
JOHN SHELL

JUNIOR CLASS

OTIS JOHNSON
WILLIAM HUNT
EUGENE BRAIG

SOPHOMORE CLASS

WILLIAM MALONEY
HELEN MOUNTFORD

FRESHMAN CLASS

ROXIE MOORE

REPRESENTATIVES FROM HOME ROOMS

Room 202—WYSE RILEY
" 203—PAUL GRAHAM
" 305—MARY FRANCIS WILEY
" 201—VIRGINIA LEAR
" 307—CARY PATRICK
" 306—VIRGINIA CARMINES
" 304—CORNELL STIRLEY

Room 303—ANN SPRATLEY
" 302—WILLIAM KELLY
" 301—JACK DAVENPORT
" 205—JANIUTA WILLIAMS
" 204—CHARLES TORIAN
" 206—ROSSER TAYLOR
" 206—DOROTHY SHAW



THE KRABBA

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Well folks, it's here. Yep, the new Ford but that's not what we're talking about. It's the Student Council. We waited about as long for it as the new Ford and we expect it to be as great a success—maybe greater.

About a week before the mid-term "eliminations", a notice went around instructing the various home rooms to elect a representative to the Council. Several days later meetings of the various classes were held and class representatives elected.

The seniors elected five representatives, the juniors three, the sophomores two, and the "rats" one. The "rats" put one over on the juniors though because they had more home rooms and thus the same number "congressmen".

At the first meeting of the council, Mr. Thopre presided. He stated that the Council was, in a word, a mediator between the faculty and the students. All student "trials and tribulations" are to be heard and judged by the Honor Council, a branch of the Student Council. This Honor Council hears and judges the "cases" much in the same way as a "regular" court. The court can even recommend suspension, so watch out you offenders!

There is one thing, however, that the council is not and that is a "Secret Service Society". All its work is done where it is "visible to the naked eye". The members do not "snoop" around to see what mischief they can locate. They only regulate what anyone, even at a casual glance or thought, can see as wrong.

At the second meeting of the Council on February 13, the remaining officers were elected. (The president "Jim" Graham was elected at the first meeting.) The "officers" elected were as follows:

Vice President, "Oat" Johnson—No relation to "Quaker's Oats". Secretary, Victoria Rollins—Well known pianist. Treasurer, Anne Spratley—Daughter of the Circuit Judge, so we know she can be trusted with the "finances"?

The council should be popular in the school as practically the whole student body voted for it. Of course the council can not be a success without the cooperation of the whole school so we hope that every one will "boost" it.

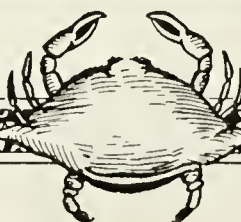
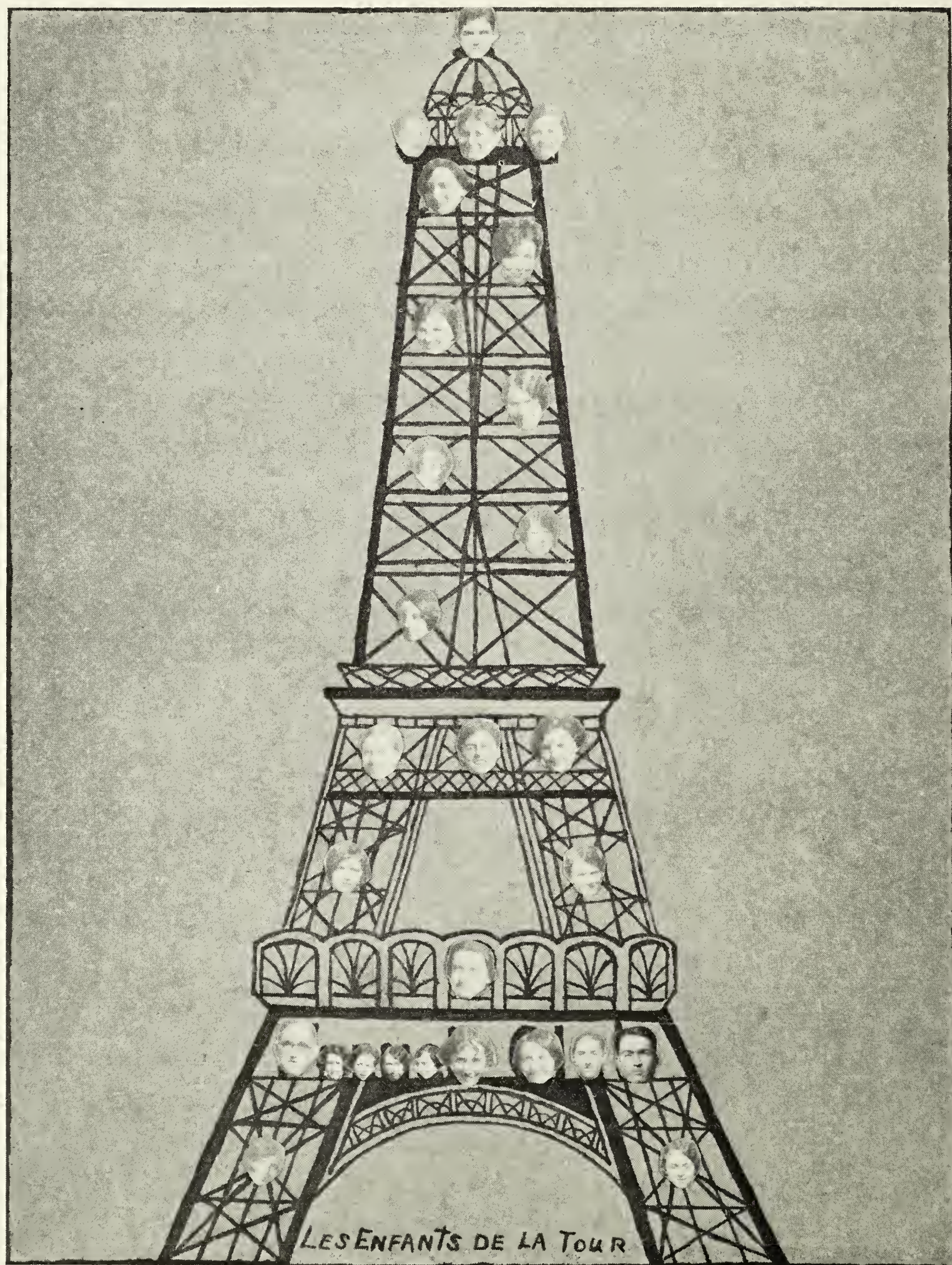
Although the Student Council was not made possible without a great deal of working and waiting—working of the faculty and waiting of the student body—we take courage when we recall that famous quotation of Paine's "the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph".

Now that the council is a reality, it is simply up to the student body to respect its authority and to carry out its mandates. Without this respect and co-operation, the council can not be expected to function and in this event nothing else can be expected but that we will revert to the old type of faculty control, without the student body having any voice whatever in the management and control of the student body.

In addition to sharing in the control of the student life of the school, there are many things which the council would like to see improved, namely: that the student body take more interest and pride in school property and see that it is kept in good condition. We are very proud of our school yard and shrubs which the members of the Patrons' League have worked so faithfully to give us and we feel that we should do everything in our power to show our appreciation of their efforts. The discipline, both in and out of the assembly, may be improved by the help and co-operation of the student body. Some of us have the bad habit of applauding in rhythmic order which is not applause at all, but simple boisterousness and the members of the council would like to call this to the attention of the student body in order that it may be avoided in the future; that we may inculcate in the student body a higher sense of honor and justice and avoid all appearances of evil in taking tests and examinations. Most of all of our colleges employ some form of the honor system and unless we, here at the high school, begin to rely on our own sense of honesty and right, when we leave here and go to college, the temptation may be too great and we may find ourselves in conflict with some of the principles of the honor code. Therefore, it is best that we take an inventory of ourselves and adjust ourselves to the honor system in order that we avoid future embarrassment. These, along with a number of other things we would like to see improved. Already the council has made itself felt along the above lines and as time goes on, the student body will feel that the council is functioning and we are confident that we will get better results. We do not think that the Student Council will be a panacea for all of our troubles, but we do feel that we can accomplish much, with the whole-hearted support and co-operation of the student body, so let's pull together and make the council a success and in so doing make our school year the most successful one possible.



THE KRABBA



JOKES

COURAGE

LESLIE TAYLOR—'28

A little boy named Johnny,
And a big boy named Bill,
Went to see the dentist,
A tooth to have him fill.

As soon as they entered,
At once up spoke bold Bill,
"Hello, mister dentist,
I've a tooth you can fill.

And I don't want no gas,
Just grind and let it hurt,
Pick it if you want to,
And give it a hard jerk.

For I want it done quick,
See, I'm in a hurry,
Just shove in the silver,
And I will not worry."

"Ah, that is fine my lad,
Glad to see you so brave,
Simply sit in the chair
And show me the knave."

So big Bill turned around,
Having spoken the truth,
"Step right up here, Johnny,
And show the man the tooth."

When A Man Sees Red

When a man sees red he ought to stop and wait until
he sees green or else he's liable to get a ticket.

"Did you know that they have a big tank over at the
P. D. G. house?"
"No, what's his name?"

Old Lady—"Oh, officer, I feel so funny."
Officer—"Have you vertigo, ma'am?"
Old Lady—"Yes, about a mile."

John: "See if you can guess this one. There was a
family of Biggers, Mr. and Mrs. Bigger and their son.
Which was the bigger?
Bob: "Search me! I don't know."
John: "The son, because he was a little Bigger."

A FEW REASONS WHY WE SEPARATED

Because she had a certain way of saying, "Just a
minute, dear."

Because her idea of a "minute" was approximately
one hour and a quarter.

Because she was always changing her mind.

Because she thought missing a train was one of the
most humorous things in the world.

Because she could dance all night long without getting
the least fatigued.

Because she had a habit every now and then of call-
ing me "Harry."

Because she smoked cork-tipped cigarettes, and half
the time would light the cork tips.

Because she was forever talking about going on a
diet but never doing so.

Because she was continually asking questions to which
there were no answers.

Because she had a habit every now and then of call-
ing me "Fred".

A young Italian recently stabbed two women because
neither would marry him. Alienists should have no
trouble proving his insanity.

"Do you know how to make a peach cordial?"
"Sure; send her some candy."

"He's a tough baby."
"How so?"

"They tried to electrocute him, and he blew out a
fuse!"

Slicker: "Nice corn crop you have there."
Native: "Yeh, about thirty-five gallons to the acre."

"Believe it or not, I've been having so much clam
chowder lately that my stomach rises and falls with the
tide."

Little Mary had just returned home from the circus,
and her grandmother asked her what animal she liked
best.

"Oh, the big elephant," she said. "You ought to see
him pick up the peanuts with his vacuum cleaner!"

"Think!"
"What?"

"What a hard time two cross-eyed people would have
looking each other in the eye."



THE KRABBA

Dumb Like A Fox

Hortense: "The trouble with you is you don't know where to stop."

Adalber (with an evil smile): "Oh, yes I do, but the best place is a half a mile further up the road."

(Curtain)

Jack Fosque: "I know I am not good looking but what is my opinion against hundreds of others?"

Marie: "Will, that watch tell time?"

Victoria: "No, you have to look at it."

Molly: "What do the fellows talk about up at your fraternity house?"

Boer: "The same things you girls do."

Molly: "My, you boys are terrible."

Speaking of marriage, the guy who coined the word altar must have been an Englishman who dropped his h's.

There sure was some hot necking when Uncle Amos got too near the gas with his celluloid collar on.

Dodie: "What are you going to be when you finish school?"

Abe: "An old man."

Mother: "Clinton, I put three pies in the pantry last night and now there is only one. Why is that?"

Clinton: "It is so dark in there I couldn't see the other one."

Teacher: "Who is your favorite author?"

John: "My dad."

Teacher: "What did he write?"

John: "Checks."

Recent Bride: "I would like to buy an easy chair for my husband."

Salesman: "Morris?"

R. B.: "No, Clarence."

Jack: "At least once in my life I was glad to be down and out."

Joe: "When was that?"

Jack: "After my first ride in an airplane."

Auto demonstrator, who has been trying to make a sale for three hours, "Now, I will throw in the clutch."

Uncle Sandy: "I'll take her then. I knew if I waited long enough ye'd give me something."

"Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out," commanded the holdup. The intended victim calmly laughed in a manner that showed that he didn't care about either. He was a high school boy.

There are times when you'll wish that you hadn't.
There are times when you'll wish that you had;
But the times when you could've and didn't,
Are the ones that will make you feel sad.

WITH A FIVE-POUND BOX

By THOMAS PYE

Go, choos, with glce that you will be
By such lips kissed before you're crunched,
And let your sweetness speak for me
As you are delicately munched.
Say sugar and spice are not so nice,
And that my heart is in the box,
But do not whisper that your price
Has left my bank roll on the rocks.

Pee Wee: "Where is Woodsie?"

Hoggie: "A. W. O. L."

Pee Wee: "Whaddayah mean?"

Hoggie: "After women or liquor."

Rose's are red;

Pearl's are white.

I seen 'em on the clothes line

Just the other nite.

Gloom: Did you hear about young Robinson? He died on his wedding day.

Henpeck: Heck, some guys have all the luck.

He who laughs last is undoubtedly thinking of one he is going to tell.

Wife: "Henry, you have been drinking again. Oh, what a fool I was to marry you. Fool, fool, fool."

Henry: "I know I'm full, hic; don't rub it in, hic; rub it out."

"Did Martha get mad when you kissed her?"

"Yeah, every time."

Objection Sustained

"Waiter, pleash bring me a dish prunesh."

"Stewed, sir?"

"Shut your mouth and get the prunesh."

Tom: "Where've ya been for the last two hours?"

Will: "Talking to the girl at the cigar counter."

Tom: "What'd she say?"

Will: "No."

"Let's drive up to Vassar this week-end."

"No, let's go to Smith. We'll get more for our mileage."

Jack: "Why do chickens come out of eggs?"

Bobby: "I don't know. Why?"

Jack: "Cos they're afraid they'd be boiled if they didn't."

Teacher: "Dear me! How can I stop my fountain pen from leaking?"

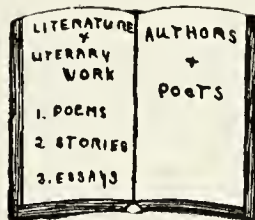
Dicky Duncie: "Don't put any ink in it!"

Mother: "Muriel's young man has taken offense at something. Have you said anything to him?"

Father: "Not a word. Why, I haven't even scen him since I posted the gas bill in the hall."



THE KRABBA



The Blessed Unsuitables

By LOU HAMILTON

CAST

Jean Baxter—(Robert's bride-to-be)
Robert Melville—(Engaged to Jean)
Toldy Beaton—(Minor character)

ACT I

SCENE: *The drawing room—*

The curtain rises on the Baxter's drawing room. It is furnished with modest taste. There is a swinging door left leading to the sun-parlor, and another door, right, leading to the magnificent reception hall.

In one corner is the stately baby-grand piano. The curtain rises to find Jean softly playing "At Dawning." She finishes it and begins playing "All the World to You." At the close of this piece she begins playing "I Love You Truly." The door gently opens and in walks Robert. Jean, unaware of any one present, begins singing excitedly "I Love You Truly".

Robert (interrupting) Hello, kiddo, the music is lovely.

Jean (surprised) Gracious! I didn't know any one was near—how long have you been here? Have a seat. (All in a breath).

Robert (fumbling nervously with a book which is lying on the table) Thanks, but I prefer standing a while.

Jean O, do sit down and let's have a nice quiet talk. I have something to ask you.

Robert (in astonishment) Something to ask me—You have something to ask me? Why I came to ask—

Jean (interrupting) Yes and you needn't get so excited for it's nothing alarming. (laughs) You look as if some one were going to murder you!

Robert—All right let's have it.

Jean—You're too anxious. (pause) O, well, I'll tell you—

Jean—Your sister is surely good looking— beautiful.

Robert—(in opened mouthed astonishment) My sister—what do you know of my sister? You've never seen her.

Jean—(impatiently at his doubting) That's all you know about it.— I certainly have seen her and you should be proud of such an attractive sister.

Robert—(anxiously yet a bit angry) When and where did you see her?

Jean—With you yesterday afternoon, in the park. Any more information I can give you, Mr. Melville? (sarcastically said).

Robert—What reasons have you for thinking she is my sister?

Jean—Because only last week you said that your sister was coming from college this week for a short stay with you. Then too, I was disappointed that you didn't bring her to see me last night.

Robert—(attempting to lay the book on the table, knocks down a vase of flowers). Well, you have very nicely lead up to the topic I came to discuss with you tonight (clears his throat rigorously (Toldy—(pauses) I mean the girl you saw me with is not my sister.

Jean—(protesting) O, quit your joking and tell me why you didn't bring her to see me when you knew how anxious I was to meet her.

Robert—Jean, I came here tonight to ask you to break our engagement—will you do it?

Jean—(becoming furious) Since you never bothered yourself to answer my questions, I'll show you I can do the same. (Pointing her finger at him with a knitted brow.) Your remarks do not influence me in the least; my mind



THE KRABBA

is made up (stamps her foot). Listen to me and put that book down. I'll not do nothing of the kind. My intentions are and will be to marry you the tenth of June as we had planned.

Robert—(in despair) But you see—

Jean (interrupting) But, I see I'm going to marry you, so that's that. Now tell me who that girly was you were in the park with yesterday if it wasn't your sister.

Robert—(taking out his cigarette case and lighting a cigarette, becoming more nervous all the while) Egh! Egh! (coughs) Toldy Beaton—just a friend of mine.

Jean—(Reflectively) Yes—I suppose she is the same girl you had at the dance several nights ago. Huh Huh. You haven't put anything over on this sister; I know all about it. Oooh! Don't you wish you knew who told me? And now I demand your reasons for wishing our engagement to be broken?

Robert—So nervous is unable to stand any longer—is seated) Well, you—you—s—e—e—my affections are no longer centered on you, but on the (coughs rigorously).

Jean—(interrupting) You have an awful cold don't you? What a shame.

Robert—(continues) As I was saying, I have found another whom I love better than you. Toldy is the one—yes.

Jean—You are wasting your breath now for I'll never consent to break our engagement and I wish you to understand that.

Robert—But you are so attractive there will be others who will fall in love with you.

Jean—(shrugging her shoulders) Nonsense. Surely if I am not attractive enough for you I'll not be for others.

Robert—Then your father is old and I should think he'd need your care in his last days.

Jean—That's enough. Robert Melville. I would have you know that my father is amply able to care for himself and is looking forward with great joy to my marriage.

(Half an hour's silence)

Jean—(thoughtfully) Toldy Beaton is not in love with you, that's as plain as a rail fence. You know that. And you also know I love you.

Robert—(In growing confidence and enthusiasm) Well, dear, considering all, and if you truly love me—you know I have loved you all this time—so June the tenth will witness a lovely wedding beneath a bower of roses and you, my dear, will be the blooming bride.

ACT II

CAST

Mrs. R. J. Melville

Mrs. R. J. Melville

Hortense Jones (the maid)

SCENE I, The dining room—

The curtain rises on the dining room of Mr. and Mrs. Melville's house. This room is very modern—furnished with a costly dining room suite.

The table is set and Jean and Robert Melville are discovered at their evening meal. Robert is now a pleasing, energetic business man of twenty-nine. Jean is an attractive woman of twenty-five. Enters Hortense with tray.

Hortense—(placing cereal before them while talking rapidly) Master and Mistress, I'se gwine to told you dat I'se can't work for you folks no longer 'til 'morrow n'ight.

Robert—Why, Hortense, what's the trouble, not enough pay—?

Hortense—More den dat, Mr.

Robert—Too much work or what?

Hortense—More den dat too (bowing clumsily).

Jean—Well, Hortense, you have served us faithfully for ten years. What are your reasons for leaving on such short notice?

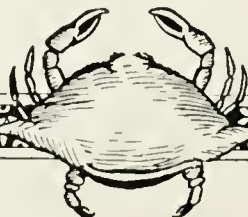
Hortense—(interrupting) Wal—I'se gwine to git another position, (ha, ha, laughs heartily) its different from this here one.

Jean—Pray tell us, Hortense.

Hortense—(screwing her apron around her finger nervously) I'st gwine to—to—git mar—maric—married. I'se—

Jean—(surprised) Get married. You get married—to whom?

Hortense—John Henry Samuel Brown. He is gwine live in his mansion down California—I believe's he said.



THE KRABBA

SCENE II: In library of Melville's home. The curtain rises upon Robert seated in the large Morris chair reading the morning news. Jean enters.

Jean—My, I'm tired, I do wish Hortense had remained single a while longer.

Robert—Now, don't you say a word, for just about fifteen years ago when I asked for our engagement to be broken you were raving about it and wouldn't consent—now do you not think Hortense wanted to marry as well?

Jean—(leaning over the back of his chair peering at the paper) O, Robert, here's just what I want. On sale too. I tried it on yesterday just for fun. It's only ninety-eight dollars. Look, (points to picture of a coat in the paper) isn't it beautiful?

Robert—(sternly) Ninety-eight dollars! Great Scott! Jean, you must think money grows on trees. Besides you said you wouldn't need a new coat this fall.

Jean—(looking at him earnestly) But you would want me to look as well dressed as Bob James' wife, wouldn't you? And it's a beauty.

Robert—So you have already tried it on—Uh! But (scratching his head) where is the ninety-eight dollars coming from?

Jean—(losing her temper again) Don't be absurd—you can afford to give me something once in a while—it won't rob you, I'll assure you—look what you paid for your coat.

Robert—(changing the subject) Let's go to the movies tonight, we haven't been for ages it seems.

Jean—(sneeringly) No, you can't afford it—(stamps her foot) I don't want to go, and I will not go!

Robert—Very well, I thought perhaps you'd like it for a change.

Jean—You never thought anything of the kind! Whenever did you think of anything I liked? Never!!!! You never think of my welfare. I work, work, work, (stamps foot 3 times) all day—and this is the credit I get for it!

Robert—(pauses thoughtfully then turns to Jean anxiously) Jean, I had no idea of going to the movies. For three weeks I have been trying to get that little Blue Bird cottage down on the Rhine, the one you liked so well—and tonight I was going to take you to it by surprise, but you see my plans have failed. There you would surely be contented and happy. And my sister whom you were so anxious to meet years ago lives right next door. The coat is paid for, dear, and will be sent in the morning.

Jean—(In tear—after a long pause) Robert, is it all so true? I have been horrid. Can you ever forgive me? (overcome with joy) Oh, you are a dear, and hereafter I will endeavor to prove a true, sincere, and worthy a wife as you have proved a husband.

Banana Peels

By PAGE HARDAWAY

Oof! I wonder who threw that banana peel on the floor. This dance floor is slippery enough anyway.

There goes another victim spreading his carcass. I never could figure out why banana peels were invented. They do much more harm than good. There should be a law against throwing banana peels around, and the ones who don't obey should be hanged immediately, before doing any more damage to the public welfare.

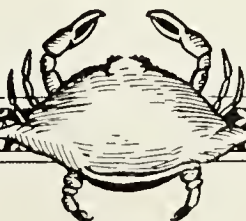
The benefits derived from a banana peel are few and far between. A banana could exist just as well with a thin skin, since

it is only found in warm climates.

I heard old Angus McTite exclaim the other day that he seldom ate bananas because the skin was so thick he hated to throw it away.

I sort of think Angus is right, in a way. Banana peels are very big for their size. And I can't figure out why they always have a slippery substance on the outside. One would be inclined to think they were for human destruction.

The only thing a banana is good for, besides serving as inspiration for songs, is increasing the sale of spearmint gum.



The Hypnotizer Hypnotized

By NANCY HUNTLEY

Dr. Shelby looked up quickly as a man entered his office. "Well?" he asked sharply.

"I am David Brooks," said the man as if that were sufficient introduction.

"Oh yes, I remember. You wish to be treated for hypochondria, do you not?"

Brooks replied that he did, and the doctor rose and began to examine his patient. While at college Shelby had become intensely interested in hypnotism, and had decided to cure his patients by this means as far as possible. Brooks was very highly strung, and responded readily to the doctor's slightest touch. Shelby felt this response and at once hypnotized his patient.

While under the doctor's influence Brooks obeyed every order, and when he came out of the trance he appeared to be somewhat calmer. Shelby told him to come every day at the same time, and Brooks promised.

More than anything else on this earth Shelby hated one man, and that man was Richard Blair. They had loved the same girl, and Blair had been the lucky man. For a long time the doctor had felt that he must rid himself of Blair. How to do it and escape the consequences? At last he hit upon a plan; he would influence Brooks, and cause him to commit the murder.

The next day Brooks came for his treatment. He was soon completely hypnotized, and Shelby began to speak softly.

"Do you remember Richard Blair?" he asked.

"No," replied Brooks.

"Are you sure you don't remember him? He once wronged you deeply."

"Perhaps I do, but the recollection is not clear."

"Think. Think hard; and I am sure you will remember."

Brooks passed his hand over his eyes nervously, and Shelby allowed him to come out of the trance. The man was slightly upset, but announced that he would come again next day. Shelby's eyes gleamed with satisfaction, and he felt very pleased with himself. At each treatment he presented the idea a little more forcefully to his patient until at last Brooks became obsessed with the idea that he must murder Blair.

At the final treatment Shelby told Brooks that he would go to Blair's home that night, and kill him while he slept. He also told him that he must leave his gun in the victim's room. Brooks promised to obey these instructions faithfully.

It was a stormy night, and Brooks was confident that he would find Blair at home. The house was in darkness, and his ring was not answered. He opened the door quietly, and went in. He climbed the stairs, and paused in front of the door of a room which he knew instinctively to be Blair's. Inch by inch he pushed the door open, and being reassured by the sound of heavy breathing he tiptoed stealthily across the floor, and by the aid of a flashlight made sure that the sleeper was Blair.

His hand stole toward his pocket and drew forth his gun. There was a flash, a sharp report, then silence. Brooks went quickly down the stairs, and out the front door.

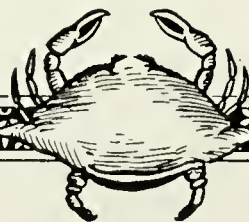
Next morning the papers were filled with the news of the crime, and a search for the murderer began. Detective Davis, one of the most promising men on the force, was put on the case. Brooks had obeyed orders, and left his automatic in Blair's room. It was, of course, an easy thing to find the owner; but he denied all knowledge of the crime. After questioning Brooks, Davis felt that he was not entirely responsible for the murder. He learned that Brooks had been taking treatments from Dr. Shelby, and finding the latter to be a hypnotist he decided to pay him a visit. He took with him a friend, Murphy by name, and set forth feeling that his visit would be worthwhile.

When they reached the doctor's office they had to wait some time before he was free to talk to them. He had no knowledge of Davis' profession, and therefore did not know the real object of his visit. Davis opened the conversation with, "I understand you are a hypnotist Dr. Shelby?"

"Yes, do you wish to be treated for anything?"

"No, but I would like to discuss the subject with you. I am very interested in hypnotism, and people have often told me that they thought it likely that I would possess the power to hypnotize others. I have never had the opportunity to prove this, and I wondered if you would be kind enough to allow me to experiment with you, as I feel that with your extensive knowledge of the subject you will be able to show me the best method of accomplishing it. You understand, of course, that I shall pay you for your services."

Shelby looked curiously at Davis, and finally consented to be hypnotized if possible, giving Davis advice as to the best course to take. He was soon completely under the detective's influence, and Davis began to question him, while Murphy took down everything that was said.



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"Do you know David Brooks, and Richard Blair?"

"Yes."

"What do you know about Brooks?"

"He was a patient of mine who was easily influenced."

"Was Blair well known to you?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"I hated him because he married the girl we both loved."

"Did you ever have any idea of killing him?"

"Yes, but I didn't kill him?"

"Who did?"

"Brooks."

"Why?"

"Because I told him to."

"Did he do this of his own free will?"

"No, he was hypnotized."

"All right Shelby, that's all I want to know."

Davis brought Shelby out of the trance, and smiled as he said, "You see I was successful. You answer questions very nicely Doctor. I'm sorry to have taken up so much of your time, but I am very grateful to you. Yes, very grateful indeed."

"That's all right Davis, I am glad to have been of service to you. Come in and see me sometime soon."

"I will," promised Davis, and when he and Murphy were safely outside he said, "He doesn't know just how soon I'm going to visit him, does he Murphy?"

The two men hurried to headquarters and reported all that had happened to the chief. He whistled softly, and said, "Davis, you are some detective. I think there will be a nice little promotion for you soon."

"Thank you sir. When shall we make the arrest?"

"Tomorrow morning when the warrant is made out."

Two months later Shelby was safely behind the bars, Brooks was entirely cleared of the crime, and Davis received the promised promotion.

The Shoe Case

By PAGE HARDAWAY

"Come in!" shouted Mr. X. Mortimer Hawkins.

The door swung open and a fat, perspiring, little man waddled into the barely furnished room and sat down opposite Mr. Hawkins.

"Goodman—John Goodman, is the name," he said in a worried tone, "I heard that you have just successfully finished your first detective case and I thought you'd like to try mine. Are you too busy to hear me?"

"No, no, not at all! I have a little business to attend to this morning, but that can easily wait. Just go right ahead, Mr. Goodman."

Mr. Goodman settled himself comfortably in his chair, lit a cigar, and began:

"I live at 322 Olive Street with my two sons, one eighteen years old and the other twenty.

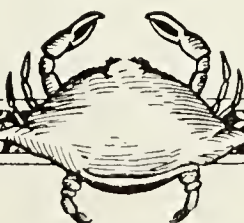
"As I was walking home from work about a week ago, a masked man ran up beside me and knocked me over the head with an iron pipe before I knew what was happening. The blow stunned me and I fell to the ground. He yanked off my right shoe and ran away without taking any money. I did not call the police and I told no one at home.

"Last night my oldest son had the same experience. The man, who, from my son's description, was the same one who had attacked me, took his right shoe but did not touch his pocketbook. When he had told me about it, I related my experience. I decided to see you instead of the police."

"Well, Mr. Goodman," said Hawkins after thinking a moment, "it is very important that we capture this man.

"I want you to put an ad in the paper for a butler. State that you will be at home to receive applicants from three o'clock to four, tomorrow afternoon. I will come out to your house a little before that time and explain my plan. Good-day, Mr. Goodman."

Mr. Goodman picked up his hat and walked out of the door, feeling much relieved.



THE KRABBA

That night Hawkins took an old pair of shoes to a shoemaker who lived in the same block with Mr. Goodman. He scrutinized the shoemaker carefully, and as he was explaining carefully what repairs the shoes needed, he noticed the evening paper lying on a chair with the want-ad section open. He then strolled homeward feeling satisfied with the way things were turning out.

Immediately after lunch the next day, Hawkins drove out to Mr. Goodman's house. Mr. Goodman greeted him at the door with a warm clasp of the hand.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Goodman," Hawkins said unconcernedly, "I expect our man to arrive any minute now. Let's sit down and talk things over."

They walked into the parlor and sat down. Every now and then Hawkins got up and walked around the room while Mr. Goodman fidgeted nervously.

"You see, Mr. Goodman," Hawkins explained, "The man we want will probably be the first one to come. When he comes, I'll be sitting in the next room with the curtains drawn, but I'll peep through the edge of the curtain. If he is the right one I will drop a pencil and you engage him. Tell him the first thing he is to do is to take your other pair of shoes in the cellar and shine them. In the meantime I will go down in the cellar and hide in a place where I can see without being seen."

Everything happened as Hawkins had planned. At one minute after three, a medium-sized, husky man, with the outside skin of his fingers lacerated, rang the doorbell. As Hawkins had expected, the first man to arrive was the one he was looking for.

As soon as they came into the parlor, Mr. Goodman heard the pencil drop in the next room and he immediately proceeded to engage the man. Hawkins stole out of the next room quietly as a mouse and sneaked down the cellar steps. He found a small empty closet and hid himself in it, leaving the door open a little.

After donning his uniform, the new butler took the shoes down to the cellar. He looked all around cautiously and laid the shoes down on a table. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a shoemaker's knife. With an expectant gleam in his eye, he yanked the right shoe off the table and nervously ripped off the sole. A folded piece of paper fell to the floor. With a gasp of delight, mingled with relief, he caught up the piece of paper and started for the cellar leading out to the backward. A shrill whistle behind him made his heart leap to his throat. Suddenly he bolted out of the cellar door and up the steps—but there his flight was arrested by two burly policemen.

"It was quite simple," Hawkins explained to Mr. Goodman after the policemen had taken the prisoner off in the patrol wagon, "a week or so ago a note for ten thousand dollars was stolen from the Second National Bank. They suspected the shoemaker who lives down the block so they searched his shop. When the men came to search the shop, the shoemaker stuck the banknote in the sole of your right shoe, which he was repairing. His assistant probably returned your shoes without his knowing it.

"When you said that your assailant had taken your shoe and nothing else, I immediately suspected the shoemaker. Last night I dropped into his shop to have some shoes repaired, so when he applied for the position today, I knew he was the man I wanted."

Lemon Pie

By A. L. JOHNSON

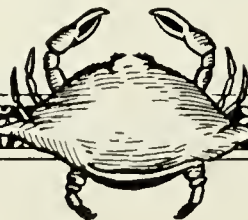
One afternoon as I was standing by a cafe waiting for a street car, I noticed a man go into the cafe and come out holding a lemon pie. In about two minutes he came back and got another piece of lemon pie. He returned four times and each time he left with a lemon pie. I had become especially interested in him, so when the car stopped in front of the cafe, I did not get on, but resolved that I would learn what he was doing with those lemon pies.

The man returned again five minutes later, entered the cafe and came out with the usual lemon pie. He started up the street and I followed him, walking slowly at first. He started walking very fast through the alleys and streets. At last we came to a broken down weatherbeaten shack. The man went inside and I stood by the window and watched him. He cut the pie into blocks of about one half an inch and then he gave one to each of the thirty English sparrows that sat perched on the eaves of the house.

"Sally, here's your Christmas dinner," he said with a grin as he chucked one of the sparrows under the chin. Hurry up and swallow that mouthful, Susan, or I'll have your tonsils removed. Tommie, can't I teach you any manners? Gentlemen always stand back for ladies. Ha, ha, ha! Perhaps you think Susan isn't a lady. Susan often wears too much lipstick, it's true," he continued as he tweaked the beak of another innocent sparrow until the bird let out a mournful squeak.

A rough voice behind made me jump.

"Here he is, Johnnie, called out the blue-coated warden, "feeding those—sparrows again. Come along quietly, now."





FOSQUE TELLS HOW TO BE HANDSOME

SEEN IN THE TARDY HALL

If you have ever been to Hampton High School, you have no doubt heard of a little party which Miss Hope gives every afternoon, a party known as tardy hall!

This afternoon Miss Wicker, who is acting as hostess, sits at the desk, twiddling her thumbs. The guests arrive and Miss Pressey comes in to call the roll. Everyone is there except Jack Wyatt, and he will be as soon as he can stay in for the other three teachers. On the way out Miss Pressey stumps her toe and at the same time yells, "Ouch!" just as if she was all ready to say it. Miss Wicker still twiddles her thumbs. 3:30 and all is well.

A commotion is now heard at the back of the room. Anne Moore is reaching furiously across the aisle at Jack McAllister's hand. "Miss Wicker, make Jack give me my slip."

"Jack, give her her slip."

Harry Lewis, turning, remarks, "Is it her pettic—?"

A violent sneeze is heard at the front. Jo Smith is the hero; Miss Wicker resumes her twiddling.

(To denote the passing of five minutes).

"Alfred Darden, are you passing a note?" rasps out Miss Wicker.

"Yessum," returns Alfred meekly.

"Bring it up here."

"But Miss—"

"Did you hear me?" Alfred takes the note to her. She opens it, giving Alfred a half pitiable, half disgusted look. Without thinking she begins reading aloud, "Sandy went in a store the other day and asked for a bottle of carbohic acid. The clerk replied, 'This is a hardware store. But we have—er—a fine line of ropes, revolvers, and razors'." Here she stops abruptly and asks, "Whom is this to?"

Just then Mr. Thorpe enters, and noting Miss Wicker still twiddling her thumbs, asks, "Is that all you have to do?"

"Certainly not," says Miss Wicker, immediately reversing her twiddling. 4:00 and all's well.

Presently, from Jo Smith's corner a little melody steals out and fills the room with its mournful dirge; it goes:

A burgler entered by mistake

A poet's room one day;

(Continued on page 58)

The Sophomore Flirt

Did you know that the Sophomores boasted of one of the biggest flirts in School? Well if you didn't it is time for you to read over the Sophomore history. No, never mind I'll tell you all about her right now.

Her name is Helen Virginia Mountford. She lives at Fort Monroe. She is a fresh, cute little kid and if you didn't know her as well as I do, you would say she was perfect innocence. She insists she is not a flirt, but we think differently. At Fort Monroe she may be heard continually yelling from either the Catholic Church or the Sherwood Inn to someone on the dock. She yells Yow—ett! and she always gets an answer.

Helen is a basket-ball girl too. She plays guard on the second team and therefore she was taken as a sub on the trip to Petersburg. I guess you all know how those girls carried on. Helen for a while played innocence. She was asked to give her definition of "Necking." Says little Helen, "Necking is when a boy puts his arm around your neck and tickles your ear." Oh George! But she ain't so dumb as she looks.

One Saturday night poor little Helen went to a party, but she got a pain in her tummy and had to come home. She was being initiated into the D. D. K. and had to eat a raw oyster and also a cocktail which consisted of flour, vinegar, salt, pepper, and other choice foods. Then Helen got a tummy ache. "I wanna go home! I want my mamma! Oooh my tummy!"

Do you know Otis Johnson? Helen does. He's her dashing hero, and he gave her his basket ball letter! Ooooh! I'm gonna tell.

Oh well, all's well that ends well and I guess this will too.

ODE TO A BUMBLE-BEE

In the garden
There were three,
He, the bumble-bee and she.
Three is a crowd
There is no doubt
So, he and she went out.

It is said that a sail-boat is called "she" because it makes a better showing in the breeze.

HOW I BECAME HANDSOME

By JACK FOSQUE

From the headline of this little article, you probably know what I am going to tell you. As you all know, I'm the best looking boy in high school, but this vantage point was obtained through years of patience and toil.

It all began when I was born, I naturally being a cute kid. As a little boy, my mother always told me to wash my face and be careful of it as it was too good looking to mess up, and I took heed. As I grew older and all of the girls began telling me how good looking I was, I was more careful than ever. Each night and morning I spent a half hour fixing up, never failing to use my Palmolive, which gave me that school girl complexion.

At last the big time grew near. The best-looking boy in high school was to be chosen, and of course I was a leading candidate. One day before the election I went to the barber shop and had everything on the list done to me; and as a result, the next day I was elected. The runner-up was disheartened, but I told him before it started that he would not have a chance against me. Of course I do not think I'm really good-looking, but what is my opinion against hundreds of others?

CELEBRITIES

Prettiest girl—Boydie Hope.
Handsome boy—Ashby Wilson.
Best girl dancer—Clara Smith.
Best boy dancer—Eugene McBurney.
Most athletic girl—Helen Sulzberger.
Most athletic boy—Eugene Hughes.
Most innocent teacher—Elva Cunningham.
Most attractive teacher—"Sandy" Elliot.
Most studious girl—Sally Ransone.
Most studious boy—Bruce McIntyre.

In sad but loving remem-
brance of

JOHN BLACKSHEAR'S

appendix

Dissevered March 14, 1928

A Peculiar Creation

One of the most peculiar extracts of humanity to enter our school within recent months is a rat by the name of Lee Parker. He hails from Fort Monroe, but it was through no fault of the army authorities that he was permitted to exist.

As soon as he entered school he began making a name for himself and as a result was overwhelmingly elected as the greenest rat. He is an inquisitive sort of creature whose greatest desire seems to be the hope of some day becoming a great philosopher. He is found in many different moods, some of thought, some of dreaming, but most of gaping. While in these moods, he is very dangerous, sometimes going as far as telling one to go to h—l, when bothered.

Among his first bold adventures was an attempt to show his fellow classmates the best way to handle a board. The result, however, turned out to be a hole in the seat of his own pants.

Although he claims that he is not yet in love, it has been definitely proven to the contrary. He has often been seen in the company of Miss Iris Drummond, a sister rat, but it has been learned through a definite source that the greater part of his thoughts lie with Miss Helen Mountford, a little flirt from the Soph Class.

"BOO" SPRATLEY'S PUBLICITY STUNT

We are about to give away a secret here, which, up until the present, has been unknown to anyone except the writer. This secret applies to the winning of the beauty contest by Katherine Spratley. As you all know, "Boo" is a mighty fine "kid," but she slipped you a "fast one" this time.

With the beginning of the nominations for the celebrities, "Boo" was the leading candidate for the prettiest girl, and don't you think she wasn't happy. About this time some doubt began to spring up in her mind as to whether she would win or not, so she began forming a little scheme to get herself some publicity.

The following morning the papers contained the headlines, "High School Beauty Badly Cut About Face In Auto Mishap." This set the school to buzzing and everyone was expressing their sympathy for her. In the meantime "Boo", recuperating, found out that her scheme for publicity was working. A few days later, she returned to school, in a mass of bandages and learned to her delight that she had been almost unanimously elected. As a result the bandages disappeared and our little beauty started strutting up and down the halls in all her glory, with an expression that seemed to say "you bit."

Seen in the Tardy Hall

(Continued from page 57)

And finding there was nothing else

To steal, he stole away.

Miss Wicker adds another hour to Joe's list, which, like guinea pigs, increases rapidly, and the room becomes more melancholy. 4:15 and the party is over.

Fifty-eight

PERSONALS

Mr. William Clark was seen keeping company with Miss Elizabeth Marchant last Friday night. As they are both red-heads, it must have been a rather warm evening for both of them.

Miss Evelyn Gardner was in Newport News last week-end listening to a Bell ring. It is said that she listens to this Bell very often while in Newport.

Among Miss Pauline Carmines' visitors during the week-end were Mr. Roswell Braig and Mr. William Kelly.

Mr. Jack Fosque, the high school's handsomest youth was seen walking down the street with Miss Katherine Spratley, our prettiest girl. They made the cutest pair observed in many a year in this fair town.

Mr. Thorpe and Miss Ellet of the faculty were out for a quiet little ride last Sunday afternoon. The following day, Miss Ellis high-hatted them both, claiming she had been slighted.

We don't know much about Miss Tommy Bland of the faculty, but we're willing to bet it won't be long before she'll hear a question that requires the answer "oui".

Miss Clara Smith called up Messrs. John Shell, Eugene Hughes, and Alfred Wray in successive calls last Friday night, but they were all sick and poor Clara was left alone.

We understand Miss Karsten is taking a certain young man downtown in her car everyday. We hope they do not have any tire trouble or he might muss up his hands.

The male members of the second period study hall would like to meet the young lady whom Mr. William Kelly speaks to every day as he leaves the said study hall.

Miss Iris Drummond and Mr. Lee Parker, greenest rats, seem to have formed an unbroken companionship since winning their laurels. They were seen the other day sitting side by side on a fence and both seemed to be contented.

Professor "Sandy" Elliott of the High School Faculty spent a very pleasant evening at the Newport News Telephone Exchange, on March 29. We understand that he says "123, please" now instead of just "123." Of course we don't know why, though.

Mr. Bernard Johnson and Miss Stella Wright were overheard in a deep conversation the other day in a Darling Park. The result was the transfer of Mr. Johnson's Junior pin.

Joy of a Literary Program

Everytime a notice announces a literary program there are many groans.

Literary programs are tiresome, but we will admit they have many good points. For instance: we can make up the sleep lost last night or hear the latest jokes, or exchange notes that are otherwise not passed because the teacher is a "Krabba". Also, the pupils who delight to boast have their chance to show off. They make themselves nuisances and then tell at home what wonders they are.

These programs are like the ones on Tuesday morning. Speaker so and so gets up, says how honored he is to be here, cracks some jokes and then reads. The instant he reaches for his book it appears that the seats are weak, because all the students sink for a dozing period. The pupils have signals, for if the address is too long they discourage him by clapping, stamping, talking or wiggling around.

At times the students laugh without realizing it. Perhaps they are dreaming of a Russian name. This is by Stephen Leacock and is like most of his works. This particular one is a diary of a Russian girl. It goes like this!

"Day after yesterday: OHo touched father, he touched him for ten roubles."

You are awakened by a teacher who looks very severely, and if we are at a literary program you appear to absorb the statistics.

When the program is over every one sighs and leaves, while Miss Hope waits until the auditorium is empty, after which she rings the bell to awaken the sleepy ones.

What We Should Like to Know

When Boydie Hope will reduce.

When Mr. Henderson will get a girl.

Why Miss Cunningham likes Spanish and Math (adding) so well.

When Marie Davis won't find something to talk about.

When Mr. Elliot will visit the Telephone Exchange again.

When Peter Berghom will learn the definition of a sound.

Why Miss Amos goes to Norfolk so often.

When Eugene Hughes will stop bluffing.

When Miss Wicker will go to Paris again.

Why Miss Darden doesn't get to school on time.

Why John Shell is never home when he's wanted on the phone.

What kind of rouge Stede Keeling uses.

When Bruce McIntyre will pass 3B Chemistry.

Why Miss Bland is always in a hurry.

What became of Spike Kelly's basketball letter.

When Billie Cummings will stop arguing.

Why Alberthine Hicks' dog barks but never bites.

How Vincent Cardwell curls his hair.

Celebrities



Katharine Spratley
Prettiest Girl

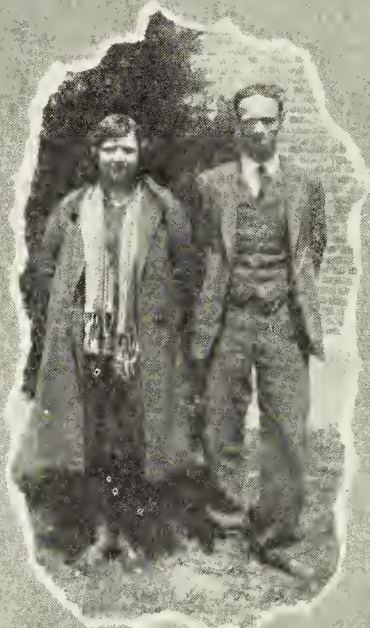
Jack Fosque
Most Handsome Boy



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Bacchus & Sappho
Wittiest
Robley Evans & Alice More



Diana & Endymion
Man Hater & Woman Hater
Helen Sulzberger & Cornell Stanley



Socrates & Xantippe
Most School Spirited
Wallace Hodge & Sarah Face



Apollo & Venus
Most Attractive
Jack Fosky & Katharine



Pandora & Prometheus
Greenest Rats
Olivia Riggins & Lee Parker



Mars & Eris
Bluffers
Marie Davis & Eugene Hughes

"Ye Gods"



THE KRABBA



The Lotus Eaters
LAZIEST
Mildred Dressler & Reed Chisman



Ulysses & Penelope
Most Popular
Wallace Hogge & Sarah Face



Helen of Troy & Paris
Flirt & Shiek
Marie Davis & Paul Wood



Jupiter & Minerva
Most Intellectual
Paul Graham & Thelma Coile



Hercules & Atalanta
Most Athletic
Otis Johnson & Boydie Hope



Terpsichore & Mr. Terpsichore
Best Dancers
Elizabeth Casky & Harry Hess

"Ye Gods"



The High School Left Fielder

By HARRY HESS

"What are the prospects this year, Mr. Cooke?" asked Mr. Thorpe as the two stood watching the candidates running back and forth in earnest training.

"Fair," growled the coach, "if I could only develop a left-fielder."

At that moment a tall, blonde-haired boy whizzed past to make a running catch of a hard-hit ball.

"What a catch!" exclaimed Mr. Thorpe. "Who is that boy?"

"He is the new boy who entered school yesterday," answered the coach.

That evening as the coach was walking home, he remembered the catch of the new recruit and decided to give him a chance to fill that big hole in his out-field.

The first practice game of the season opened with the team running wild over a team from Ft. Monroe, eight to two. Mr. Cooke's new find played his position like a veteran. As he started to leave the field an attractive young girl ran up to him and complimented him on his playing. This compliment came from the cheer leader of the school, who happened to be a great baseball fan. Her father was manager of the Philadelphia Nationals, and for the past two summers she had traveled with the club. As Betty paid her compliment, the boy blushed a little and, muttering something about luck, walked off toward the gymnasium. Betty smiled and went home, after which she wrote to tell her father all about the High School's new left-fielder.

The next day Betty was introduced to the boy, who happened to have been born in the same town as herself. Bob Lane was his name. Betty and Bob had quite a talk about his home town, for Betty had not visited the place in five years. Every day after practice Betty would meet Bob and walk down town or to Betty's home.

Whether it was Betty's inspiration or Bob's ability no one knows, but in every game Bob either hit a home run or did something spectacular. After every one of these games, Betty wrote to tell her father of Bob and his ability as a ball player. At the time her father was busy worrying about his own left-fielder, who had been playing a sad brand of ball, keeping the team out of first place in league standing.

The High School team at the end of the season found itself tied with its rivals, Newport News, for the state championship, to be played off the next day. That evening Betty's father came home unexpectedly and told her he would watch her idol play. If he appeared to have the ability he would give him a chance. That evening Betty called Bob up and gave him all kinds of encouragement and told him she just knew they would win if he did his best.

The next day was warm and clear, hardly a breath of air seemed to stir, an ideal day for a game. The game started with the home team taking the field after they had won the toss up. The first seven innings ended in a scoreless tie. Neither team had got a man past second base. Time after time Bob had made meritorious catches to pull his team out of holes.

As the last half of the game opened, Newport opened fire by getting a triple to left field. It certainly looked bad for the home team then. Now the pitcher showed his metal, for he struck the next two batters out. The crowd gave a sigh of relief as they saw who was coming up next. It was the opposing pitcher, a very weak hitter. With the count two strikes and three balls on him he sent a screaming single to left field to Bob, who threw to the plate, a perfect throw, but seconds behind the fleet runner. They had scored. The Newport spectators went into a frenzy, thinking that their team had actually won the hard-fought-for championship.

The next batter hit a fly out to short stop.

"Oh, what a game!" cried the spectators.

Bob came to bat with a never-give-up expression on his face. The outfielders moved deeper in their positions for they all knew Bob's ability. The pitcher threw the first ball. A very high one. Bob did not swing.

The next ball left the pitcher's hand in a slow curve. Bob bunted the ball down the third base line and crossed first base in a flash. He had caught the infield flat-footed. The stands went wild! A few seconds later Bob stole second base. The next batter struck-out. Every one pleaded for a hit. It came! A beautiful single over second base and Bob sprinted across the plate to tie the score.

Neither team was able to score for three innings; in fact not a man reached first base. In the last of the twelfth, the catcher hit a home run over the left field fence to win the game for the home team, two to one.

As Bob prepared to leave the field, Betty ran up to him, pulling her father after her. Her face was beaming as she told Bob that her father wanted him to tryout for his team. Bob could hardly express his appreciation. The following week Bob got his tryout, as he had been promised, and made good as only a ball player with so much inspiration would.

At the end of the season, Bob annexed his second manager from the same family, Betty.



THE KRABBA

Baseball Squad



Reading left to right—Bottom row: Williams, Schofield, Howard, Maloney, Hess, Morris, Horseman, Manager Hogge. Second row—Kelly, Caldwell, McClenny, Taylor, McIntyre, Johnson, Captain Walton. Back—Coach Cooke.

Baseball

The Hampton High School Crabbers opened their nineteen twenty-eight baseball season when they journeyed to Poquoson and defeated them by the score of 9-1. They dropped the next game, a hard fought game, to the Apprentice boys the following week by the score of 4-3. In the next game the Crabbers played headup baseball and began hitting the ball with vengeance, swamping Morrison by the tune of 26-0. Three days later Morrison pulled a surprise act and defeated the Crabbers 6-4 in a close game. Maury was their next opponent and the Crabbers found themselves hopelessly outclassed. It was just a case of too much Maury, as the Commodores chalked up thirteen runs to the Crabber's three.

After dropping two games the Crabbers took a new lease on life and defeated Poquoson for a second time this season. Williams was in good form and allowed the Island boys only two runs while the Crabbers were garnering nine. In the next game the Crabbers were defeated by Suffolk 10-7. Suffolk was only able to get two hits off the five Crabber hurlers, but they took advantage of the errors made by the Red and White. McIntyre, the Crabber star hurler, pitched the last three innings without allowing a hit. He struck out six Suffolk men and not a man reached first base.

Although the Crabbers have won only three of their seven games, the team is hitting over three hundred (.300) Walton and McIntyre are the leading hitters for the Red and White. Walton is hitting close to five hundred (.500) with McIntyre right on his heels. The fielding of Maloney and Hess has been very good. Both of these boys have few errors chalked up against them, while both of them are hitting a three hundred (.300) clip. McIntyre and Williams have done most of the pitching this season. Williams, in his first year, has two victories to his credit. McIntyre won the other game.



THE KRABBA



LATEST
TRUCK
← DRIVER

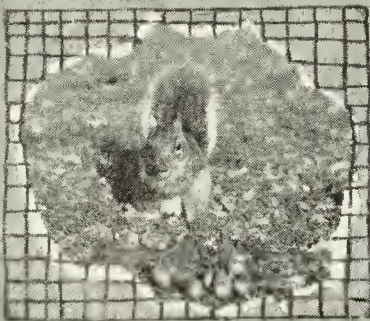


PAUL AND

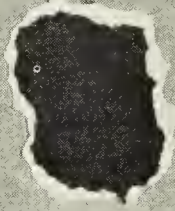
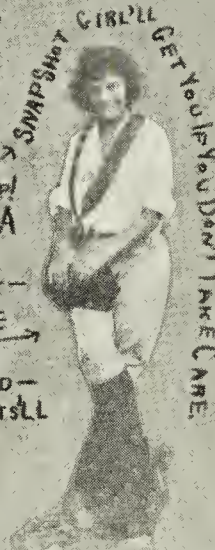


TWINS

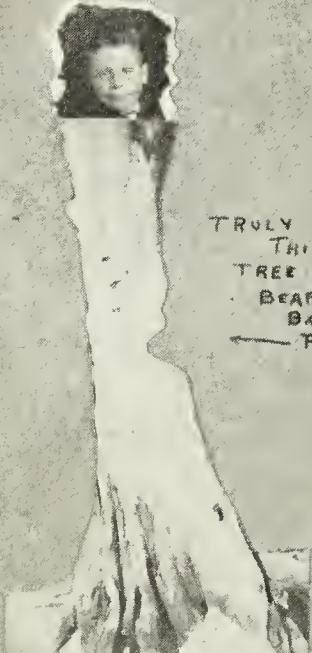
CARYL AND MARGUERITE



SNAP! SHOTS! HEAR THE SHUTTER CLOSE
WHAT A WORLD OF ROGUEISHNESS THE LITTLE
SNAPPER SHOWS!
CLICK! CLICK! CAUGHT YOU UNAWARE—
SNAP! SHOT! HEAR THE SNAPPER SNAP!
GOT YOU JUST AS SAFE AS A SQUIRREL IN A
TRAP!
CLICK! CLICK! GOT YOU JUST AS SLICK—
CAN'T A GIRL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T BE
QUICK!
SNAP! SHOTS! JUST A BUTTON PRESSED—
ONLY SEEMS A TRIFLE BUT THE COURTS'LL
DO THE REST!
CLICK! CLICK! CAUGHT YOU P. Q. D.
SNAP! SHOT! GIRL'LL GET YOU IF YOU
TRIFLE BY THE SEA.



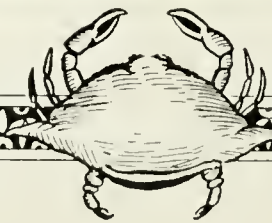
THE BOY FROM H.I.S. WHO
WILL BE PRESIDENT OF
THE U.S.



TRULY
THIS
TREE
BEARS
BAG
← FRUIT



DOG
BITE. →



JOKES

A FABLE

A dog was carrying a piece of meat across a bridge. As he crossed the stream he saw the image of another piece of meat in the stream. He laid the meat he was carrying carefully on the bridge and jumped into the stream. In a moment he reappeared, climbed back on the bridge, and walked off with both pieces of meat in his mouth. Moral: Them as has gits.

Little Willie, tired of play,
Pushed sister in the well one day.
Said Mother, as she drew the water,
"Indeed, it's hard to raise a daughter."

THEN AND NOW

'49 War paint is a substance made of different herbs to make warriors look horrible.

1928 War paint is a red substance used by girls to make themselves beautiful so as to get their man.

Student, talking to teacher: When I go to heaven I'm going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote all of his plays.
Teacher: He may not be there.
Student: Then you can ask him.

They're pickin' up the pieces,
With a dust pan and a rake
Because the dumbbell used his horn
When he ought to used his brakes.

He: I'm going to buy myself a harem.
It: What do you mean? You can't buy a harem, can you?
He: Sure, I saw a sign at a gas station that said, "8 gals. for a dollar."

Famous last words—I fought them all—Miss Hope.

Scotchman: For two cents I'd throw this penny away.

"Thanks for the love and kisses."
"The same to you; the pleasure's all mine."

"She wasn't like every girl; she was like every other girl."

Mr. Elliott: Why are summer days longer than winter days?

Marie D.: The heat expands them.

Mrs. Stevens: Jack, if you had six apples and I asked you for 3, how many would you have left?

Jack Fosque: Six.

Mr.—(talking in assembly): All students who want to get married come up here when I get through talking. After the talk Mr. Thorpe shook hands with Mr.—.

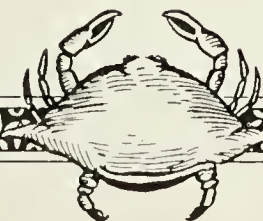
SOME NEW SIGNS

For a flivver radiator—No Smoking.
For a college student—Success comes by degrees.
For a baldheaded man—The great open spaces.
For a telephone operator—I hear you calling me.
For a fisherman—A fish at the market's worth ten in the sea.
For a prohibitionist and an aviator—A single drop is a drop too much.
For a tailor—Survival of the fittest.

"Florence is very beautiful."
"Yes—too beautiful to be true."

"Do you girls really like conceited men better than the other kind?"
"What other kind?"

Jessie: "I've got a composition to do for my home-work tonight, daddy."
Father: "Oh! What is it to be on?"
Jessie: Paper, daddy.



NO KICK COMING

Zats: "You can't wink at a girl with high-heel shoes."
 So: "How come?"
 Zats: "You gotta use your eye."

I had long felt that something was wrong. Nancy seemed always preoccupied. Evenings, when I came home from the office, she no longer came and sat on my lap before the fire. Home didn't seem like it used to. Finally I became suspicious. I even sank to believing that Nancy had a lover—no, not Nancy—not my Nancy. Still—she'd been acting queer—I even tried coming home unexpectedly, ringing the doorbell and rushing around to the back door. Once I saw his fleeting shadow rush across the back yard. Then I was called away on business for some time. When I returned, I learned that my fears were true! Nancy had made an addition to the family! Five of the cutest kittens you ever saw!

"Don't you love driving on a nite like this?"
 "Yes, but I thought I'd wait until we got on a side road!"

Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."
 Polite Clerk: "Yes, madam, white kid?"
 Lady: "Sir!"

Mother: "When I was your age nice young girls never held a young man's hand."
 Daughter: "Well, nowadays a nice young girl HAS to hold a young man's hand."

Milly: "Have you read: 'Things About Your Anatomy?'"
 Ros: "No, heh, heh . . . mine are pale blue."
 Ros: "For two cents I'd kiss you. . . ."
 Pauline: "Well, here's fifty cents, let's get going."

Paul: "How was that party last night?"
 Al.: "Nip and tuck all night long."
 Paul: "What do yuo mean, 'nip and tuck'?"
 Al.: Well, first I had one nip, and then I tuck another."

Miss Scott: "Have you been over the entire assignment?"
 Harry Carmines (Hastily sitting on English book): "Yes."

Mr. Elliott: "Mr. Face, what's a molecule?"
 Huston Face: "What an Englishman wears in his eye."

TRAGEDY

"Heavy date,
 Stay late
 A heroine and a hero;
 Recitation,
 Consternation!
 A lovely round zero!"

"What caused the scandal?"
 "A mere slip of a girl."

Sailor: "Will you be true to me while I'm in China?"
 She: "Sure—if you take the rest of the Navy with you."

Modern woman shows about everything but her age.

WILLING IF NOT NICE

Reggie: "That was a nice little party you held last night."
 Hank: "I'll say she was!"

"Hey! Off the beach with that one-piecc bathing suit!"
 "—But if I wear more it will hinder my movement."
 "Sorry. Then you'll have to regulate yer movement."

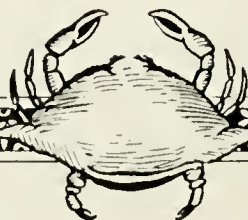
ATHLETIC GIRL

She got an S from Smith for basketball,
 She won her V with Vassar's tennis team,
 Her B at Barnard was no task at all,
 They held her hockey playing in esteem.
 She's letters from a lot of halls of knowledge,
 From Dartmouth, Princeton, Yale and N. Y. U.
 —Her parents lately took her out of college
 And gave her H for stroking Harvard's crew.
 —Carroll Carroll

She: What! You a bookkeeper in a bank?
 He: Yes, I've worked my way up from vice-president.

"My girl if you would be considered virtuous, stay away from:
 House parties,
 Rouge,
 Small runabouts,
 Canoes,
 Dances,
 Boys.

Even then some bird with an angelic light about him might accuse you of flirting with the guy who passes the plate in church."



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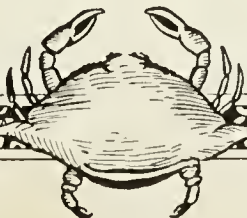
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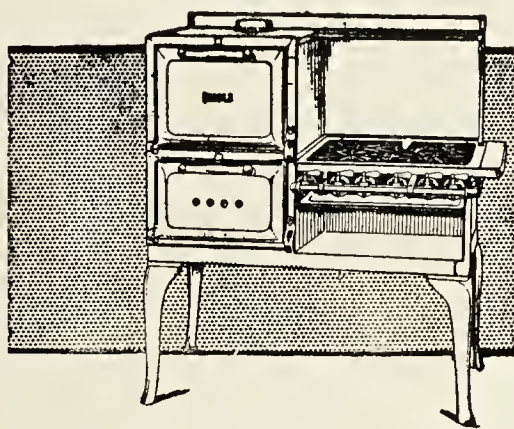
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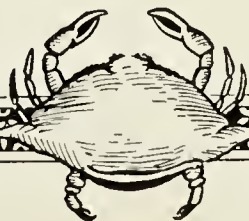
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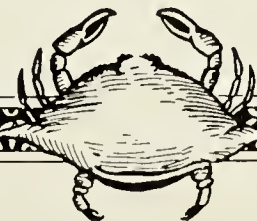
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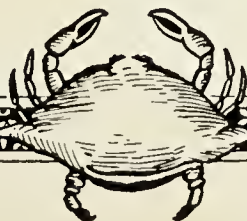
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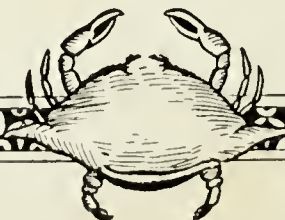
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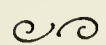
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